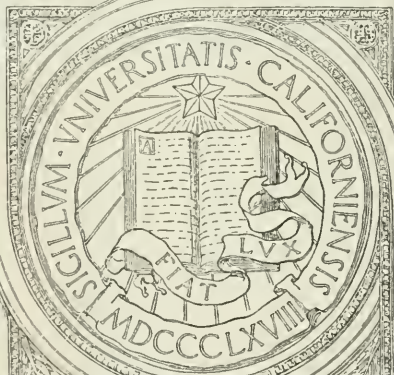


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DAYS AND DEEDS

A BOOK OF VERSE

FOR
CHILDREN'S READING
AND SPEAKING

COMPILED BY
BURTON E. STEVENSON
AND ELIZABETH B. STEVENSON

GARDEN CITY, N. Y., AND TORONTO
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

1921

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INTRODUCTION

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THE attempt has been made to gather together in this volume the really significant poetry relating to American holidays and to great Americans, especially such as is suited for recitation. To this has been added a short anthology of the seasons, and some eight or ten lyrics with which every one ought to be familiar, and which did not fall under any of the other headings.

It is inevitable that in a collection of this sort, nearly every reader will miss some personal favorites. The question of length has excluded a number of such sterling poems as "Grandmother's Story of Bunker-Hill Battle" and "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry," which were put aside regretfully only after it became apparent that their inclusion would stretch the volume beyond the utmost limit allowed for it. Indeed, at the end, it became necessary to sacrifice many well-loved poems; and this, it may be added, the compilers found by far the most trying part of their task.

Still it is believed that the collection will be found fairly complete, especially with the use of the cross-references which are given. The genesis of the volume was in the never-ceasing demand at an Ohio library for poetry suited for holiday and special exercises in the schools, and the primary object in undertaking it was to substitute really worthy verse for the rhymes and jingles usually offered children. No pretence is made, of course, that everything included here is good poetry—indeed, in several instances, selections which are not poetry at all absolutely demanded admission because of peculiar appropriateness—but, as a whole, it is hoped that the volume will be found elevating, stimulating, and inspiring.

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MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co.—By William Cullen Bryant: America, Seventy-six, Song of Marion's Men, Abraham Lincoln, To a Waterfowl, Robert of Lincoln, The Twenty-second of February, The Death of the Flowers, A Song for New Year's Eve, The Planting of the Apple Tree, March, Extracts from Thanatopsis, The Death of Slavery, and Washington. By Arthur Cleveland Coxe: Hallowe'en. By George W. Doane: Robin Redbreast. By Frank L. Stanton: The Old Flag Forever.

THE CENTURY CO.—By John Bennett: The Sky-lark's Song. By Mary Mapes Dodge: The Frost King. By Richard Watson Gilder: At the President's Grave, The Comfort of the Trees, Inauguration Day, On the Life Mask of Lincoln, A Song of Early Autumn, Sheridan, Sherman, Easter, The Dead Comrade. From the Century Magazine: By H. C. Bunner, The Heart of the Tree. By Lulu W. Mitchell, Toiler, Canst Thou Dream? By James S. Park, Christmas Carol. By Alice Reid, Ragged Robin and Bouncing Bet. From the St. Nicholas Magazine: By Mary Austin, The Shepherds in Judea.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN.—By George N. Lovejoy, Easter Carol. By E. L. Sabin, Easter.

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THE
NATION'S HOLIDAYS

For short history of National Holidays see appendix.

*A Nation's Holidays are the best
index to its History, its Character,
and its Aspirations.*

NEW YEAR'S DAY

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR

“ORPHAN hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep!”
“Merry hours, smile instead,
For the year is but asleep.
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.”

* * * *

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
 Old year, you must not go;
 So long as you have been with us,
 Such joy as you have seen with us,
 Old year, you shall not go.

* * * * *

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
 Shake hands, before you die.
 Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
 What is it we can do for you?
 Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
 And waiteth at the door.
 There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
 And a new face at the door, my friend,
 A new face at the door.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE NEW YEAR

A song for the Old
While its knell is tolled,
And its parting moments fly!
But a song and a cheer
For the glad New Year,
While we watch the Old Year die!
Oh! its grief and pain
Ne'er can come again,
And its care lies buried deep;
But what joy untold
Doth the New Year hold,
And what hopes within it sleep!

A song for the Old,
While its knell is tolled,
And the friends it gave so true!
But, with hearts of glee,
Let us merrily
Welcome in the bright, bright New!
For the heights we gained,
For the good attained,
We will not the Old despise;
But a joy more sweet,
Making life complete,
In the golden New Year lies.

A song for the Old,
While its knell is tolled!
With a grander, broader zeal,
And a forward view,
Let us greet the New,
Heart and purpose ever leal!

Let the ills we met,
And the sad regret,
With the Old be buried deep;
For what joy untold
Doth the New Year hold,
And what hopes within it sleep!

GEORGE COOPER.

A SONG FOR NEW-YEAR'S EVE

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—
Stay till the good Old Year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands, and leaves us here.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,
Has now no hopes to wake;
Yet one hour more of jest and song
For his familiar sake.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year, his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store.
And shall we turn from where he stands,
Because he gives no more?
Oh stay, oh stay,
One grateful hour and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,
While yet he was our guest;
How cheerfully the week was spent!
How sweet the seventh day's rest!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One golden hour, and then away.

* * * *

Even while we sing, he smiles his last,
And leaves our sphere behind.
The good old year is with the past;
Oh be the new as kind!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE CHILD AND THE YEAR

Said the child to the youthful year:
"What hast thou in store for me,
O giver of beautiful gifts! what cheer,
What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

"My seasons four shall bring
Their treasures: the winter's snows,
The autumn's store, and the flowers of spring,
And the summer's perfect rose.

"All these and more shall be thine,
Dear child—but the last and best
Thyself must earn by a strife divine,
If thou wouldst be truly blest.

“Wouldst know this last, best gift ?
’Tis a conscience clear and bright,
A peace of mind which the soul can lift
To an infinite delight.

“Truth, patience, courage, and love,
If thou unto me canst bring,
I will set thee all earth’s ills above,
O child! and crown thee a king!”

CELIA THAXTER.

NEW YEAR DITTY

New Year met me somewhat sad:
Old Year leaves me tired,
Stripped of favorite things I had,
Balked of much desired;
Yet farther on my road to-day,—
God willing, farther on my way.

New Year, coming on apace,
What have you to give me ?
Bring you scathe, or bring you grace,
Face me with an honest face,
You shall not deceive me:
Be it good or ill, be it what you will,
It needs shall help me on my road,
My rugged way to heaven, please God.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

A NEW YEAR

Why do we greet thee, O blithe New Year ?
What are thy pledges of mirth and cheer ?
Comest, knight-errant, the wrong to right ?
Comest to scatter our gloom with light ?
Wherefore the thrill, the sparkle and shine
In heart and eyes at a word of thine ?

The Old was buoyant, the Old was true,
The Old was brave when the Old was new.
He crowned us often with grace and gift;
His sternest skies had a deep blue rift.
Yet straight and swift, when his hand unclasped,
With welcome and joyance thine we grasped.
O tell us, Year—we are fain to know—
What is thy charm that we hail thee so ?

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Through the ether clear, from the solemn sky
The New Year beckons, and makes reply:
“I bring you, friends, what the years have brought
Since ever men toiled, aspired, or thought—
Days for labor, and nights for rest;
And I bring you love, a heaven-born guest;
Space to work in, and work to do,
And faith in that which is pure and true.
Hold me in honor and greet me dear,
And sooth you'll find me a Happy Year.”

MARGARET SANGSTER.

A NEW YEAR

Over the threshold a gallant new-comer
Steppeth with tread that is royal to see;
White as the winter-time, rosy as summer,
Hope in his eyes, and with laugh ringing free.
Lo! in his hands there are gifts overflowing,
Promises, prophecies, come in his train;
O'er him the dawn in its beauty is glowing,
Banishing shadows of sorrow and pain.

Oh, welcome, New Year! with your stainless white pages,
Though we may blot them ere long with our tears;
So it has been through the long passing ages,
Worn with the footprints of close crowding years.
Welcome, sweet Year! may the full-handed hours
Find us like servants, trusty and true,
Using with earnest devotion our powers
To be worthy our Master and worthy of you.

UNKNOWN.

THE NEW YEAR

Who comes dancing over the snow,
His soft little feet all bare and rosy?
Open the door, though the wild winds blow,
Take the child in and make him cosey.
Take him in and hold him dear,
He is the wonderful glad New Year.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

THE NEW YEAR

Ring out, O bells, ring silver-sweet o'er hill and moor and
fell!

In mellow echoes, let your chimes their hopeful story tell.

Ring out, ring out, all-jubilant, this joyous glad refrain:

"A bright New Year, a glad New Year, hath come to us
again!"

Oh, who can say how much of joy within it there may be
Stored up for us, who listen now to your sweet melody?

Good-bye, Old Year! Tried, trusty friend, thy tale at last
is told.

O New Year, write thou thine for us in lines of brightest
gold!

UNKNOWN.

ADDRESS TO THE NEW YEAR

Friend, come thou like a friend;

And, whether bright thy face,

Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,

We'll hold out patient hands, each in his place,

And trust thee to the end,

Knowing thou ledest onwards to those spheres

Where there are neither days nor months nor years.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

WASHINGTON

WHERE may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dare not hate,
Bequeath the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but one!

LORD BYRON.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY

Pale is the February sky,
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

NOTE.—*Selections suitable for Washington's Birthday will be found also under Independence Day, Patriots' Day, Bunker Hill Day, and Flag Day.*

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!
By snow-clad fell and frozen field,
Broadening, the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,
And rends the oak with sudden force,
Can raise no ripple on his face,
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY ✓

Welcome to the day returning,
Dearer still as ages flow,
While the torch of Faith is burning,
Long as Freedom's altars glow!
See the hero whom it gave us
Slumbering on a mother's breast;
For the arm he stretched to save us,
Be its morn forever blest!

Hear the tale of youthful glory,
While of Britain's rescued band
Friend and foe repeat the story,
Spread his fame o'er sea and land,
Where the red cross, proudly streaming,
Flaps above the frigate's deck,
Where the golden lilies, gleaming,
Star the watch-towers of Quebec.

Look! The shadow on the dial
Marks the hour of deadlier strife;
Days of terror, years of trial,
Scourge a nation into life.
Lo, the youth, becomes her leader!
All her baffled tyrants yield;
Through his arm the Lord hath freed her;
Crown him on the tented field!

Vain is Empire's mad temptation!
Not for him an earthly crown!
He whose sword hath freed a nation
Strikes the offered sceptre down.
See the throneless Conqueror seated,
Ruler by a people's choice;
See the Patriot's task completed;
Hear the Father's dying voice!

"By the name that you inherit,
By the sufferings you recall,
Cherish the fraternal spirit;
Love your country first of all!
Listen not to idle questions
If its bands may be untied;
Doubt the patriot whose suggestions
Strive a nation to divide!"

Father! We, whose ears have tingled
With the discord-notes of shame,—
We, whose sires their blood have mingled
In the battle's thunder-flame,—
Gathering, while this holy morning
Lights the land from sea to sea,
Hear thy counsel, heed thy warning;
Trust us, while we honor thee!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE NAME OF WASHINGTON *

[Read before the Sons of the Revolution, New York,
February 22, 1887.]

✓
Sons of the youth and the truth of a nation,
Ye that are met to remember the man
Whose valor gave birth to a people's salvation,
Honor him now; set his name in the van.
A nobleness to try for,
A name to live and die for—
The name of Washington.

Calmly his face shall look down through the ages—
Sweet yet severe with a spirit of warning;
Charged with the wisdom of saints and of sages;
Quick with the light of a life-giving morning.
A majesty to try for,
A name to live and die for—
The name of Washington!

*From "Dreams and Days." Copyright, 1892, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Though faction may rack us, or party divide us,
And bitterness break the gold links of our story,
Our father and leader is ever beside us.

Live and forgive! But forget not the glory
Of him whose height we try for,
A name to live and die for—
The name of Washington!

Still in his eyes shall be mirrored our fleeting
Days, with the image of days long ended;
Still shall those eyes give, immortally, greeting
Unto the souls from his spirit descended.

His grandeur we will try for,
His name we'll live and die for—
The name of Washington!

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP

WASHINGTON

Great were the hearts and strong the minds
Of those who framed, in high debate,
The immortal league of love that binds
Our fair broad empire, state with state.

And deep the gladness of the hour
When, as the auspicious task was done,
In solemn trust, the sword of power
Was given to Glory's Unspoiled Son.

That noble race is gone; the suns
Of fifty years have risen and set;
But the bright links those chosen ones
So strongly forged, are brighter yet.

Wide—as our own free race increase—
Wide shall extend the elastic chain,
And bind in everlasting peace,
State after state, a mighty train.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A STAR IN THE WEST

There's a star in the West that shall never go down
Till the record of valor decay;
We must worship its light, though it is not our own,
For liberty burst in its ray.
Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word
As the Bethlehem Star of the West?

“War! war to the knife! Be enthralled, or ye die!”
Was the echo that woke in his land;
But it was not his voice that prompted the cry,
Nor his madness that kindled the brand.
He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,
While a leaf of the olive remained;
Till, goaded with insult, his spirit arose,
Like a long-baited lion unchained.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,
But sighed o'er the carnage that spread;
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
But wept for the thousands that bled.
Though he threw back the fetters and headed the strife,
Till man's charter was fairly restored,
Yet he prayed for the moment when Freedom and Life
Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

Oh, his laurels were pure! and his patriot name
In the page of the future shall dwell,
And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,
By the side of a Hofer and Tell.
The truthful and honest, the wise and the good,
Among Britons have nobly confessed
That his was the glory, and ours was the blood,
Of the deeply stained field of the West.

ELIZA COOK.

CROWN OUR WASHINGTON

Arise—'Tis the day of our Washington's glory,
The garlands uplift for our liberties won;
Forever let Youth tell the patriot's story,
Whose sword swept for freedom the fields of the sun!
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the banners of stars that the continent span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who lifted his sword for the birthright of man!

He gave us a nation: to make it immortal
He laid down for freedom the sword that he drew,
And his faith leads us on through the uplifting portal
Of the glories of peace and our destinies new
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flags that the nations of liberty span,
Crown, crown him the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who laid down his sword for the birthright of man!

Lead, Face of the Future, serene in thy beauty,
Till o'er the dead heroes the peace star shall gleam,
Till Right shall be Might in the counsels of duty,
And the service of man be life's glory supreme.
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flags that the nations in brotherhood span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Whose honor was gained by his service to man!

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

WASHINGTON*

Simple and brave, his faith awoke
Ploughmen to struggle with their fate;
Armies won battles when he spoke,
And out of Chaos sprang the State!

ROBERT BRIDGES

* Copyright, 1903, by Harper & Brothers.

MEMORIAL DAY: BLUE AND GRAY

MEMORIAL DAY [♪]

FROM out our crowded calendar
One day we pluck to give;
It is the day the Dying pause
To honor those who live.

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their Country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

NOTE.—*Selections appropriate for Memorial Day will be found under Emancipation Day, Lincoln's Birthday, Flag Day, and under Grant, Jackson, Sherman, Sheridan, and other Civil War generals.*

SUCH IS THE DEATH THE SOLDIER DIES

Such is the death the soldier dies:—
He falls,—the column speeds away;
Upon the dappled grass he lies,
His brave heart following, still, the fray.

The smoke wraiths drift among the trees,
The battle storms along the hill;
The glint of distant arms he sees,
He hears his comrades shouting still.

A glimpse of far-borne flags, that fade
And vanish in the rolling din:
He knows the sweeping charge is made,
The cheering lines are closing in.

Unmindful of his mortal wound,
He faintly calls and seeks to rise;
But weakness drags him to the ground:—
Such is the death the soldier dies.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their pluméd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

* * * *

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER*

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foe-man,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

* In memory of Gen. Philip Kearny, killed September, 1862.

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death-bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye;
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Brodered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

MEMORIAL DAY, 1889

I.

Twine laurels to lay o'er the Blue and the Gray, spread
wreaths where our heroes rest;
Let the song of the North echo back from the South for the
love that is truest and best!
Twine wreaths for the tombs of our Grant and our Lee, one
anthem for Jackson and Meade.
And the flag above you is the banner for me—one people
in name and in deed!

II.

Clasp hands o'er the graves where our laurelled ones lie—
clasp hands o'er the Gray and the Blue;
To-day we are brothers and bound by a tie that the years
shall but serve to renew;
By the side of the Northman who peacefully sleeps where
tropical odors are shed
A son of the South his companionship keeps—one flag o'er
the two heroes spread.

III.

Weave tokens of love for the heroes in blue, weave wreaths
for the heroes in gray;
Clasp brotherly hands o'er the graves that are new—for the
love that is ours to-day;
A trinity given to bless, to unite—three glorious records to
keep,
And a kinship that never a grievance shall sever renewed
where the brave are asleep!

IV.

Spread flowers to-day o'er the Blue and the Gray—spread
wreaths where our heroes rest;
Let the song of the North echo back from the South for the
love that is truest and best!
Twin wreaths for the tombs of our Grant and our Lee, one
hymn for your father and mine!
Oh, the flag you adore is the banner for me and its folds
our dead brothers entwine.

SAMUEL ELLSWORTH KISER.

MEMORIAL DAY

Gather the garlands rare to-day,
Snow-white roses and roses red;
Gather the fairest flowers of May,
Heap them up on the graves of clay,
Gladden the graves of the noble dead.

Pile them high as the soldiers were
Piled on the field when they fought and fell;
They will rejoice in their new place there
To-day, as they walk where the fragrant air
Is sweet with the scent of asphodel.

Many a time, I've heard it said,
They fell so thick where the battles were,
Their hot blood rippled, and, running red,
Ran out like a rill from the drifted dead
Staining the heath and the daisies there.

This day the friends of the soldiers keep,
And they will keep it through all the years,
To the silent city where soldiers sleep
Will come with flowers, to watch and weep
And water the garlands with their tears.

CY WARMAN.

A BALLAD OF HEROES

Because you passed, and now are not,—
Because, in some remoter day,
Your sacred dust from doubtful spot
Was blown of ancient airs away,—
Because you perished,—must men say
Your deeds were naught, and so profane
Your lives with that cold burden? Nay,
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

Though, it may be, above the plot
That hid your once imperial clay,
No greener than o'er men forgot
The unregarding grasses sway;—
Though there no sweeter is the lay
Of careless birds,—though you remain
Without distinction of decay,—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

No. For while yet in tower or cot
Your story stirs the pulses' play;
And men forget the sordid lot—
The sordid care, of cities gray;—

While yet, beset in homelier fray,
They learn from you the lesson plain
That Life may go, so Honor stay,—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

ENVOY.

Heroes of old! I humbly lay
The laurel on your graves again;
Whatever men have done, men may,—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

SOLDIER, REST!

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sounds shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near;
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE SOLDIER'S DIRGE

Dead in the battle,—dead on the field:
More than his life can a soldier yield?
Dead for his country, muffle the drums:
Slowly the sad procession comes.
The heart may ache, but the heart must swell
With pride for the soldier who fought so well.
His blood has burnished his sabre bright:
To his memory, honor; to him, good-night.

ELIZABETH HARMAN.

TAPS

Sleep,
Now that the charge is won,
Sleep in the narrow clod;
Now it is set of sun,
Sleep till the trump of God.
Sleep.

Sleep.
Fame is a bugle call
Blown past a crumbling wall;
Battles are clean forgot;
Captains and towns are not:
Sleep shall outlast them all.
Sleep.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

MEMORIAL DAY

O day of roses and regret,
Kissing the old graves of our own!
Not to the slain love's lovely debt
Alone;

But jealous hearts that live and ache
Remember, and while drums are mute,
Beneath your banners' bright outbreak,
Salute:

And say for us to lessening ranks
That keep the memory and the pride,
On whose thinned hair our tears and thanks
Abide,

Who from their saved Republic pass,
Glad with the Prince of Peace to dwell:
Hail, dearest few! and soon, alas,
Farewell.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY

Oh, the roses we plucked for the blue
And the lilies we twined for the gray,
We have bound in a wreath,
And in silence beneath
Slumber our heroes to-day.

Over the new-turned sod
The sons of our fathers stand,
And the fierce old fight
Slips out of sight
In the clasp of a brother's hand.

For the old blood left a stain
That the new has washed away,
And the song of those
That have faced as foes
Are marching together to-day.

Oh, the blood that our fathers gave!
Oh, the tide of our mothers' tears!
And the flow of red,
And the tears they shed,
Embittered a sea of years.

But the roses we plucked for the blue,
And the lilies we twined for the gray,
We have bound in a wreath,
And in glory beneath
Slumber our heroes to-day.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

A MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS *

A monument for the Soldiers!
And what will ye build it of?
Can ye build it of marble, or brass, or bronze,
Outlasting the Soldiers' love?
Can ye glorify it with legends
As grand as their blood hath writ
From the inmost shrine of this land of thine
To the outermost verge of it?

And the answer came: We would build it
Out of our hopes made sure,
And out of our purest prayers and tears,
And out of our faith secure:
We would build it out of the great white truths
Their death hath sanctified,
And the sculptured forms of the men in arms,
And their faces ere they died.

And what heroic figures
Can the sculptor carve in stone?
Can the marble breast be made to bleed,
And the marble lips to moan?
Can the marble brow be fevered?
And the marble eyes be graved
To look their last, as the flag floats past,
On the country they have saved?

And the answer came: The figures
Shall all be fair and brave,
And, as befitting, as pure and white
As the stars above their grave!

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The marble lips, and breast and brow
Whereon the laurel lies,
Bequeath us right to guard the flight
Of the old flag in the skies!

A monument for the Soldiers!
Built of a people's love,
And blazoned and decked and panoplied
With the hearts ye build it of!
And see that ye build it stately,
In pillar and niche and gate,
And high in pose as the souls of those
It would commemorate!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

DECORATION DAY AT CHARLESTON

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,—
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause!
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause,

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

HENRY TIMROD.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

THE FOURTH OF JULY

TO the sages who spoke, to the heroes who bled,
To the day and the deed, strike the harp-strings of
glory!

Let the song of the ransomed remember the dead,
And the tongue of the eloquent hallow the story!
O'er the bones of the bold
Be the story long told,

And on fame's golden tablets their triumphs enrolled
Who on freedom's green hills freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

They are gone—mighty men!—and they sleep in their fame:
Shall we ever forget them? Oh, never! no, never!

Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great name,
And the anthem send down—"Independence forever!"
Wake, wake, heart and tongue!

Keep the theme ever young;
Let their deeds through the long line of ages be sung
Who on freedom's green hills freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY

Ring out the joy bells! Once again,
With waving flags and rolling drums,
We greet the Nation's Birthday, when
In glorious majesty, it comes.

NOTE.—*Selections suited to Independence Day will be found also under Washington's Birthday, Patriots' Day, Flag Day, Bunker Hill Day, and Francis Marion.*

Ah, day of days ! Alone it stands,
While, like a halo round it cast,
The radiant work of patriot hands,
Shines the bright record of the past.

Among the nations of the earth,
What land hath story like our own ?
No thought of conquest marked her birth;
No greed of power e'er was shown
By those who crossed the ocean wild,
That they might plant upon her sod
A home for Peace and Virtue mild
And altars rear to Freedom's God.

MARY E. VANDYNE.

THE TORCH OF LIBERTY

I saw it all in Fancy's glass—
Herself, the fair, the wild magician,
Who bade this splendid day-dream pass,
And named each gilded apparition.
'Twas like a torch-race,—such as they
Of Greece performed, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array,
Passed the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw the expectant nations stand
To catch the coming flame in turn;
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear, though struggling, glory burn.
And oh, their joy, as it came near,
'Twas, in itself, a joy to see;
While Fancy whispered in my ear,
“That torch they pass is Liberty!”

And each, as she received the flame,
 Lighted her altar with its ray;
Then, smiling, to the next who came,
 Speeded it on its sparkling way.
From Albion first, whose ancient shrine
 Was furnished with the flame already,
Columbia caught the boon divine,
 And lit a flame, like Albion's, steady.

* * * * *

Shine, shine forever, glorious flame,
 Divinest gift of gods to men!
From Greece thy earliest splendor came,
 To Greece thy ray returns again.
Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round;
 When dimmed, revive; when lost, return;
Till not a shrine through earth be found
 On which thy glories shall not burn!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

Day of glory! Welcome day!
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
See! how cheerfully they play
 With thy morning breeze,
On the rocks where pilgrims kneeled,
On the heights where squadrons wheeled,
When a tyrant's thunder pealed
 O'er the trembling seas.

[37]

God of armies! did thy stars
On their courses smite his cars,
Blast his arm, and wrest his bars
 From the heaving tide?
On our standard, lo! they burn,
And, when days like this return,
Sparkle o'er the soldier's urn
 Who for freedom died.

God of peace! whose spirit fills
All the echoes of our hills,
All the murmur of our rills,
 Now the storm is o'er,
Oh, let freemen be our sons,
And let future Washingtons
Rise, to lead their valiant ones
 Till there's war no more!

JOHN PIERPONT.

INDEPENDENCE BELL—JULY 4, 1776

[NEW VERSION.]

There was tumult in the city,
 In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were thronged with people
 Passing restless up and down—
People gathering at the corners,
 Where they whispered lip to ear,
While the sweat stood on their temples,
 With the stress of hope and fear.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
 Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat about the State House,
 So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
 Swelled in harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
 Was all turbulent with sound.

Far aloft in the high steeple
 Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
 And his iron-sceptred sway.
So he sat with one hand ready
 On the clapper of the bell,
Till his eye should catch the signal,
 The expected news to tell.

See! See! the dense crowd quivers
 As beside the door a boy
Looks forth with hands uplifted,
 His eyes alight with joy.
Hushed the people's swelling murmur
 As they listen breathlessly—
“Ring!” he shouts; “ring, grandpapa!
 Ring! oh, ring for liberty!”

Quickly at the welcome signal
 The old bellman lifts his hand;
Forth he sends the good news, making
 Iron music through the land.
How they shouted! What rejoicing!
 How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom echoed
 From the belfries everywhere.

The old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living, ever young.
And we'll ne'er forget the bellman
Who, that great day in July,
Hailed the birth of Independence,
Which, please God, shall never die.

UNKNOWN.

AMERICA

O mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years.
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley-shades;
 What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;—

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the West;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
 In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates and rest
For Earth's down-trodden and opprest,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
 Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of the skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
 And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

THE REPUBLIC

(From "The Building of the Ship.")

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee, ✓
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,—
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
 To Thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
 Great God our King.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

YOUNG AMERICA

Fourth of July, they say, sir,
Is Independence Day, sir,
But really I am certain that there must be some mistake;
For people say, "Be quiet!"
And "I won't have such riot!"
At every teeny-weeny noise that I may chance to make.

Why, when my gun exploded
(I thought it wasn't loaded),
My mother said, "You naughty boy, now stop that fearful
noise."
And then our cannon-crackers
(And my! but they *were* whackers!)
Made Grandma say, "Oh, mercy me! you *mustn't* do that,
boys!"

"You're much too young to handle
A bomb or Roman candle,"
They always say when I get near to where the fireworks
are;
And for a little rocket
I put in Bobby's pocket
My father just now set me down inside the "family jar."

The caution and the warning
Begin at early morning:
It's "Don't do this!" and "Don't do that!" and so, unless
I may
Choose my own celebration
For the birthday of our nation,
I don't see why I ought to call it *Independence Day!*

CAROLYN WELLS.

AFTER THE FOURTH OF JULY

We put him to bed in his little nightgown,
The most battered youngster there was in the town;
Yet he said as he opened his only well eye,
“Rah, rah, for the jolly old Fourth of July!”

Two thumbs and eight fingers with lint were tied up,
On his head was a bump like an upside-down cup,
And his smile was distorted, and his nose all awry,
From the glorious Fourth of July.

We were glad; he had started abroad with the sun,
And all day had lived in the powder and fun;
While the boom of the cannon roared up to the sky,
To salute Young America's Fourth of July!

I said we were glad all the pieces were there,
As we plastered and bound them with tenderest care,
But out of the wreck came the words, with a sigh,
“If to-morrow was only the Fourth of July!”

He will grow all together again, never fear,
And be ready to celebrate freedom next year;
Meanwhile all his friends are most thankful there lies
A crackerless twelvemonth 'twixt Fourth of Julys.

We kissed him good-night on his powder-specked face,
We laid his bruised hands softly down in their place,
And he murmured, as sleep closed his one open eye,
“I wish every day was the Fourth of July.”

M. PHELPS DAWSON.

FREEDOM'S NATAL DAY

Wake her with the voice of cannon—give her colors to the
morn!

Make the day right glorious that saw the nation born;
Born to a life supernal, like the bird of storied fame—
From the ashes of dead empires springs her altar's sacred
flame.

How bright the skies above her! how fair her broad domains!
How rich the warm life-current that courses through her
veins!

Her young brow fronts the nations with a promise half
divine,

From the frozen hills of Norway to the land of oil and wine;
And Teuton, Celt, and Saxon, cowed down with toil and
care,

With longing eyes look westward, and bless her unaware.

Wake her with the voice of cannon—fling her colors to the
breeze,

From her mountains and her cities, and her ships upon the
seas,

And wreath her shrine with garlands, and crown her
brow with bay;

'Tis the nation's celebration—'tis Freedom's natal day!

ELIZABETH M. GRISWOLD.

LABOR DAY

LABOR SONG

From "The Bell-Founder."

AH! little they know of true happiness, they whom
satiety fills,
Who, flung on the rich breast of luxury, eat of the
rankness that kills.

Ah! little *they* know of the blessedness toil-purchased slum-
ber enjoys

Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence, taste of the
sleep that destroys;

Nothing to hope for, or labor for; nothing to sigh for, or gain;
Nothing to light in its vividness, lightning-like, bosom and
brain;

Nothing to break life's monotony, rippling it o'er with its
breath;—

Nothing but dulness and lethargy, weariness, sorrow, and
death!

But blessed that child of humanity, happiest man among
men,

Who, with hammer or chisel or pencil, with rudder or
ploughshare or pen,

Laboreth ever and ever with hope through the morning of
life,

Winning home and its darling divinities,—love-worshipped
children and wife.

Round swings the hammer of industry, quickly the sharp
chisel rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir not the
bosom of kings,—
He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king of his race,
Who nerveth his arm for life's combat, and looks the strong
world in the face.

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

THE USEFUL PLOUGH

A country life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
 To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair!
In every field of wheat,
 The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
 So that I say, no courtier may
 Compare with them who clothe in gray,
And follow the useful plough.

They rise with the morning lark,
And labor till almost dark;
 Then, folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep,
While every pleasant park
 Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing,
On each green, tender bough.
 With what content and merriment
 Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plough!

OLD SONG.

WORK

The comforter of sorrow and of care;
The shortener of way prolonged and rude;
The lightener of burden hard to bear;
The best companion 'mid the solitude;
The draft that soothes the mind and calms the brain;
The miracle that lifts despair's thick murk;
When other friends would solace bring, in vain,
Thank God for work!

That boon for which the prince in splendor sighs
But which attends the humble peasant's lot:
Without which, castles but as prisons rise,
And with which, prisons crush but strangle not.
The sum of life; all evil's sovereign cure;
The measure of employer as of clerk;
The true nobility's investiture—
Thank God for work!

EDWIN L. SABIN.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

(Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting)

"God made man in His own image, in the image of God made He him."—*Genesis*.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?

Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw ?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow ?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain ?
Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity ?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light ?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades ?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose ?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched ?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes ?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

EDWIN MARKHAM.

A SONG OF STREET LABOR

They are working, beneath the sun,
In its red-hot blinding glare,
In the dust from the toiling team,
In the noise of the thoroughfare.
See them swing and bend, far down to the end,
With the rhythm of the strokes they bear.

The cords of the sinewy arms
Stand out like the cable's twist;
No blow shall miss and no stroke shall fail
From the grasp of the brawny fist,
As the shoulder swings when the pick-axe rings
And the hand springs firm from the wrist.

Let the feet of the dainty shod
Pass by on the other side,
Where the youth of the slender back and limb
Stands watching—the listless-eyed;
While with sweat and with pain and the long day's strain
These toil—and are satisfied.

CAROLINE A. LORD.

THE SOWER'S SONG

Now hands to seed-sheet, boys!

We step and we cast; old Time's on wing;
And would ye partake of Harvest's joys,
The corn must be sown in spring.

Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.

Old earth is a pleasure to see

In sunshiny cloak of red and green;
The furrow lies fresh, this year will be
As years that are past have been.

Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.

Old earth, receive this corn,

The son of six thousand golden sires;
All these on thy kindly breast were born;
One more thy poor child requires.
Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.

Now steady and sure again,

And measure of stroke and step we keep;
Thus up and down we cast our grain;
Sow well and you gladly reap.
Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE WORKING MAN'S SONG

I am no gentleman, not I!
 No bowing, scraping thing!
I bear my head more free and high
 Than titled count or king.
I am no gentleman, not I!
 No, no, no!
And only to one Lord on high
 My head I bow.

I am no gentleman, not I!
 No vain and varnished thing!
And from my heart, without a die,
 My honest thoughts I fling.
I am no gentleman, not I!
 No, no, no!
Our stout John Knox was none—and why
 Should I be so?

I am no gentleman, not I!
 No mincing, modish thing,
In gay saloon a butterfly,
 Some wax-doll Miss to wing.
I am no gentleman, not I!
 No, no, no!
No moth, to sport in fashion's eye,
 A Bond Street beau.

I am no gentleman, not I!
 No bully, braggart thing,
With jockeys on the course to vie,
 With bull-dogs in the ring.
I am no gentleman, not I!
 No, no, no!
The working man might sooner die
 Than sink so low.

I am no gentleman, not I !
 No star-bedizened thing!
My fathers filched no dignity
 By fawning to a king.
I am no gentleman, not I !
 No, no, no !
And to the wage of honesty
 My rank I owe.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

THE LAY OF THE LABORER

A spade ! a rake ! a hoe !
 A pickaxe, or a bill !
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
 A flail, or what ye will,
And here's a ready hand
 To ply the needful tool,
And skilled enough, by lessons rough,
 In Labor's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,
 To lop or fell the tree,
To lay the swarth on the sultry field,
 Or plough the stubborn lea;
The harvest stack to bind,
 The wheaten rick to thatch,
And never fear in my pouch to find
 The tinder or the match.

* * * * * *

No parish money, or loaf,
 No pauper badges for me,
A son of the soil, by right of toil
 Entitled to my fee.
No alms I ask, give me my task:
 Here are the arm, the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a Man,
 To work, and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs,
 Though doomed by chance of birth
To dress so mean, and to eat the lean
 Instead of the fat of the earth;
To make such humble meals
 As honest labor can,
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,
 And little thanks to man !

A spade ! a rake ! a hoe !
 A pickaxe, or a bill !
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
 A flail, or what ye will;
Whatever the tool to ply,
 Here is a willing drudge,
With muscle and limb, and woe to him
 Who does their pay begrudge !

THOMAS HOOD.

SCYTHER SONG

Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe,
 What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over-word that the Scythe
 Sings to the blades of the grass below ?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
 Something, still, they say as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
 Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass ?

Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
 Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying;
 Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is singing—
 Hush, and heed not, for all things pass;
Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging
 Over the clover, over the grass!

ANDREW LANG.

“TOILER, CANST THOU DREAM?”

Toiler, canst thou dream,
At the seam, at the plow ?
Higher heritage than kings
 Hast thou.

Canst thou read, in star or weed,
Answer to thy heart's deep cry ?
Gold, nor gem, nor Love's own crown
 So satisfy.

Toiler, canst thou wait,
Through the storm-black hour, elate,
Ruler of thy recreant will,
Dominant of Fate?

Toiler, canst thou trust?
From the dust, stand, and tell,
Though the tears come streaming, all—
All is well!

LULU W. MITCHELL.

JESUS THE CARPENTER

“Isn’t this Joseph’s son?”—ay, it is He;
Joseph the carpenter—same trade as me—
I thought as I’d find it—I knew it was here—
But my sight’s getting queer.

I don’t know right where as His shed must ha’ stood—
But often, as I’ve been a-planing my wood,
I’ve took off my hat, just with thinking of He
At the same work as me.

He warn’t that set up that He couldn’t stoop down
And work in the country for folks in the town;
And I’ll warrant He felt a bit pride, like I’ve done,
At a good job begun.

The parson he knows that I’ll not make too free,
But on Sunday I feels as pleased as can be,
When I wears my clean smock, and sits in a pew,
And has taught a few.

I think of as how not the parson hissen,
As is teacher and father and shepherd o' men,
Not he knows as much of the Lord in that shed,
Where He earned His own bread.

And when I goes home to my missus, says she,
"Are ye wanting your key?"
For she knows my queer ways, and my love for the shed
(We've been forty years wed).

So I comes right away by mysen, with the book,
And I turns the old pages and has a good look
For the text as I've found, as tells me as He
Were the same trade as me.

Why don't I mark it? Ah, many say so,
But I think I'd as lief, with your leaves, let it go:
It do seem that nice when I fall on it sudden—
Unexpected, you know!

CATHERINE C. LIDDELL.

THANKSGIVING DAY AND HARVEST HOME

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

I N Puritan New England a year had passed away
Since first beside the Plymouth coast the English
Mayflower lay,
When Bradford, the good Governor, sent fowlers forth to
snare
The turkey and the wild-fowl, to increase the scanty fare:—

“Our husbandry hath prospered, there is corn enough for
food,
Though ‘the pease be parched in blossom, and the grain
indifferent good.’
Who blessed the loaves and fishes for the feast miraculous,
And filled with oil the widow’s cruse, He hath remembered
us!

“Give thanks unto the Lord of Hosts, by whom we all are
fed,
Who granted us our daily prayer, ‘Give us our daily bread!’
By us and by our children let this day be kept for aye,
In memory of His bounty, as the land’s Thanksgiving
Day.”

NOTE.—*Selections suitable for Thanksgiving Day will be found also
under Forefathers’ Day, Labor Day, and Autumn.*

Each brought his share of Indian meal the pious feast to
make,
With the fat deer from the forest and the wild-fowl from the
brake.
And chanted hymn and prayer were raised—though eyes
with tears were dim—
“The Lord He hath remembered us, let us remember
Him!”

Then Bradford stood up at their head and lifted up his
voice:
“The corn is gathered from the field, I call you to rejoice;
Thank God for all His mercies, from the greatest to the
least,
Together have we *fasted*, friends, together let us *feast*.

“The Lord who led forth Israel was with us in the waste;
Sometime in light, sometime in cloud, before us He hath
paced;
Now give Him thanks, and pray to Him who holds us in
His hand
To prosper us and make of this a strong and mighty
land!”

* * * * *

From Plymouth to the Golden Gate to-day their children
tread,
The mercies of that bounteous Hand upon the land are
shed;
The “flocks are on a thousand hills,” the prairies wave with
grain,
The cities spring like mushrooms now where once was
desert-plain.

Heap high the board with plenteous cheer and gather to the
feast,
And toast that sturdy Pilgrim band whose courage never
ceased.
Give praise to that All-Gracious One by whom their steps
were led,
And thanks unto the harvest's Lord who sends our "daily
bread."

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

BOSTON, 1631

The curse of Cain was on the earth;
The leaden heavens frowned;
The winter closed with cruel dearth
And gripped the fruitless ground.

Behind us rose the sombre wood,
Before us stretched the foam—
A thousand leagues of briny flood
That sundered us from home.

The meagre mussel was our meat;
We robbed the squirrels' hoard;
Our barren glebe beneath our feet,
We cried upon the Lord.

"Arouse your souls against despair,"
The godly Winthrop said,
"And choose a day of fast and prayer,
For, surely, He who led

'Our wanderings across the wave
Shall hear us when we plead,
And stretch a mighty arm to save
His people in their need."

Behold! When all is black and drear
And want assails the land,
How God delighteth to appear
To work with wond'rous hand!

For, even as we made to deal
To one that hungered sore
The utmost handful of our meal,
A shout arose from shore.

An hundred watching eyes descried
Through winter's misty pall
The good ship Lion breast the tide
With provender for all.

Then joined the voice of first and least
A hymn of thanks to raise,
Our day of fasting changed to feast
And prayer gave way to praise

So once in every year we throng
Upon a day apart,
To praise the Lord with feast and song
In thankfulness of heart.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

THE THANKSGIVING IN BOSTON HARBOR

“Praise ye the Lord!” The psalm to-day
Still rises on our ears,
Borne from the hills of Boston Bay
Through five times fifty years,
When Winthrop’s fleet from Yarmouth crept
Out to the open main,
And through the widening waters swept,
In April sun and rain.

“Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,”
The leader shouted, “pray”;
And prayer arose from all the ships
As faded Yarmouth Bay.

They passed the Scilly Isles that day,
And May-days came, and June,
And thrice upon the ocean lay
The full orb of the moon.
And as that day, on Yarmouth Bay,
Ere England sunk from view,
While yet the rippling Solent lay
In April skies of blue,

“Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,”
Each morn was shouted, “pray”:
And prayer arose from all the ships,
As first in Yarmouth Bay;

Blew warm the breeze o’er Western seas,
Through Maytime morns, and June,
Till hailed these souls the Isles of Shoals,
Low ’neath the summer moon;
And as Cape Ann arose to view,
And Norman’s Woe they passed,
The wood-doves came the white mists through,
And circled round each mast.

“Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,”
Then called the leader, “pray”;
And prayer arose from all the ships,
As first in Yarmouth Bay.

Above the sea the hill-tops fair—
God’s towers—began to rise,
And odors rare breathe through the air,
Like balms of Paradise.
Through burning skies the ospreys flew,
And near the pine-cooled shores
Danced airy boat and thin canoe,
To flash of sunlit oars.

“Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,”
The leader shouted, “pray!”
Then prayer arose, and all the ships
Sailed into Boston Bay.

The white wings folded, anchors down,
The sea-worn fleet in line,
Fair rose the hills where Boston town
Should rise from clouds of pine;
Fair was the harbor, summit-walled,
And placid lay the sea.

“Praise ye the Lord,” the leader called;
“Praise ye the Lord,” spake he.
“Give thanks to God with fervent lips,
Give thanks to God to-day,”
The anthem rose from all the ships,
Safe moored in Boston Bay.

* * * * *

Our fathers’ prayers have changed to psalms,
As David’s treasures old
Turned, on the Temple’s giant arms,
To lily-work of gold.

Ho! vanished ships from Yarmouth's tide,
Ho! ships of Boston Bay,
Your prayers have crossed the centuries wide
To this Thanksgiving Day!
We pray to God with fervent lips,
We praise the Lord to-day,
As prayers arose from Yarmouth ships,
But psalms from Boston Bay.
HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

A HARVEST SONG

The gray hulk of the granary uplooms against the sky;
The harvest moon has dwindled — they have housed the corn
and rye;
And now the idle reapers lounge against the bolted doors:
Without are hungry harvesters, within enchanted stores.

Lo, they had bread while they were out a-toiling in the sun:
Now they are strolling beggars, for the harvest work is done.
They are the gods of husbandry: they gather in the sheaves,
But when the autumn strips the wood, they're drifting with
the leaves.

They plow and sow and gather in the glory of the corn;
They know the noon, they know the pitiless rains before the
morn;
They know the sweep of furrowed fields that darken in the
gloom —
A little while their hope on earth, then evermore their tomb.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we'll go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play,
Hear the bells ring
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood
Trot fast, my dapple gray!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate;
We seem to go
Extremely slow;
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THANKSGIVING

Come forth, come forth, to the festal board,
As our sires were wont in the days of old;
The reapers are home with their harvest hoard,
The herds have hied to their wintry fold,
And the cullers of fruit our vaults have stored
With the wealth of the orchard's freight of gold.

Come forth, come forth, with your heart-felt praise,
To swell the songs at the altar's side;
For a lofty pæan to God we raise,
Who hath scattered His love gifts free and wide,
And still, from the wan earth's earliest days,
His seed-time and harvest hath not denied.

* * * * *

We hallow the day as our fathers did,
With a mingling of gladness and praise and prayer,
With a willing boon for the lowliest shed,
That the hungry and poor in our thanks may share,
And the scantiest table be freely spread,
And the lip of the mourner a blessing bear.

For the sons of the feeble pilgrim band
Who first on a distant rock-bound bay
Gave thanks for the gifts of the teeming land,
Have spread over mountain and stream away;
And a song of praise shall to God ascend
From a myriad of burning lips to-day.

Come forth, come forth, with the chiming bell,
A joyous throng to the altar's side;
Come mingle your tones with the organ's swell;
And, where the door of the feast stands wide,
Let the gray-haired sire to his grandchild tell
A tale of our nation's grateful pride.

HANNAH E. G. AREY.

THE PUMPKIN

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from
West,

From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his
board

The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie?

O fruit loved of boyhood! the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were
falling!

When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in
tune,

Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present! none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin pie!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

HARVEST HOME SONG

The frost will bite us soon;
 His tooth is on the leaves:
Beneath the golden moon
 We bear the golden sheaves:
We care not for the winter's spite,
We keep our Harvest-home to-night.

The pleasure of a king
 Is tasteless to the mirth
Of peasants when they bring
 The harvest of the earth.
With pipe and tabor hither roam
All ye who love our Harvest-home.

The thresher with his flail,
 The shepherd with his crook,
The milkmaid with her pail,
 The reaper with his hook—
To-night the dullest blooded clods
Are kings and queens, are demigods.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

TWO FESTIVALS

Thanksgiving stirs her ruddy fire;
 The glow illuminates November:
She sees new glimmerings of desire
 Flash up from every fading ember.
The corn is stored, and heaped the board;
 The matron Day, her comforts summing,
Hears, through her best, a better word,—
 The merry shout of "Christmas coming!"

The fires of two home-festivals
Light up the frosty air together;
Thanksgiving unto Christmas calls,
 "Shake hands across this keen, cold weather!
We both are here to bring good cheer;
 Each has a heart-glow for the other;
The chill of our New England year
 Welcomes your warmth, my Old-World brother.

"My Pilgrims thought your wassail rude,
 Your Yule-flames a barbaric splendor;
Your gay old English games eschewed,
 Their graver gratitude to render
For hardship past, for peace at last.
 Now, with a larger comprehending,
We catch your cheerful meaning vast,
 That gives the year a blessed ending."

* * * * *

So Christmas and Thanksgiving clasp
 Their hands, and brightly bridge December.
Close met within that heart-felt grasp,
 All friends One Friend of all remember.
Two feast-fires glow across the snow:
 Dead voices answer to the living,
As home to meet our own we go;
 "Praise God for Christmas and Thanksgiving!"

LUCY LARCOM.

CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS CAROL*

THE earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young,
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music bursts forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
The voice of the Christ-child shall fall;
And to every blind wanderer open the door
Of hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the Holiest trod,
This, then, is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

NOTE.—*Selections suitable for Christmas will be found also under Winter.*

* Taken by permission of E. P. Dutton & Co. from "Christmas Songs and Easter Carols," by the Right Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL *

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth,
Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King!

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

*From "The Complete Poetical Writings of J. G. Holland," copyright, 1879, 1881, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

CHRISTMAS

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

“To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

“The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song:

“All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!”

NAHUM TATE.

THE QUEEN OF THE YEAR

When suns are low and nights are long
And winds bring wild alarms,
Through the darkness comes the Queen of the Year
In all her peerless charms,—
December, fair and holly-crowned,
With the Christ-child in her arms.

The maiden months are a stately train,
Veiled in the spotless snow,
Or decked with the bloom of Paradise
What time the roses blow,
Or wreathed with the vine and the yellow wheat
When the noons of harvest glow.

But, oh, the joy of the rolling year,
The queen with peerless charms,
Is she who comes through the waning light
To keep the world from harms,—
December, fair and holly-crowned,
With the Christ-child in her arms.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

THE NATIVITY

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A CHRISTMAS SONG

When mother-love makes all things bright,
When joy comes with the morning light,
When children gather round their tree,
 Thou Christmas Babe,
 We sing of Thee!

When manhood's brows are bent in thought
To learn what men of old have taught,
When eager hands seek wisdom's key,
 Wise Temple Child,
 We learn of Thee!

When doubts assail, and perils fright,
When, groping blindly in the night,
We strive to read life's mystery,
 Man of the Mount,
 We turn to Thee!

When shadows of the valley fall,
When sin and death the soul appall,
One light we through the darkness see—
 Christ on the Cross,
 We cry to Thee!

And when the world shall pass away,
And dawns at length the perfect day,
In glory shall our souls made free,
 Thou God enthroned,
 Then worship Thee.

TUDOR JENKS.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

“What means this glory round our feet,”
The Magi mused, “more bright than morn?”
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
“To-day the Prince of Peace is born!”

“What means that star,” the Shepherds said,
“That brightens through the rocky glen?”
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, “Peace on earth, good-will to men!”

’Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas, He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e’er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, “Peace on earth, good-will to men!”

But they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
“To-day the Prince of Peace is born!”

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's pow'r
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy!
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed morn;
The which His mother, Mary,
Nothing did take in scorn.

From God our Heavenly Father,
A blessed angel came;
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same:
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.

"Fear not," then said the angel,
"Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power, and might,
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite."

The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoicèd much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This blessed Babe to find.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this infant lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay,
His mother Mary kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.
O tidings of comfort and joy!
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day.

OLD CAROL.

THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE

The Christmas Day was coming, the Christmas Eve drew
near,
The fir-trees, they were talking low at midnight, cold and
clear;
And this is what the fir-trees said, all in the pale moonlight:
“Now, which of us shall chosen be to grace the holy night?”

The tall trees and the goodly trees raised each a lofty head,
In glad and secret confidence, though not a word they said.
But one, the baby of the band, could not restrain a sigh—
“You all will be approved,” he said, “but oh! what chance
have I?

“I am so small, so very small, no one will mark or know
How thick and green my needles are, how true my branches
grow.
Few toys and candles could I hold, but heart and will are free,
And in my heart of hearts I know I am a Christmas tree.”

The Christmas angel hovered near; he caught the grieving
word,
And, laughing low, he hurried forth, with love and pity
stirred.
He sought and found St. Nicholas, the dear old Christmas
saint,
And in his fatherly, kind ear rehearsed the fir-tree’s plaint.

Saints are all-powerful, we know, so it befell that day
That, axe on shoulder, to the grove a woodman took his way.
One baby girl he had at home, and he went forth to find
A little tree as small as she, just suited to his mind.

Oh! glad and proud the baby-fir, amid its brethren tall,
To be thus chosen and singled out, the first among them all!
He stretched his fragrant branches, his little heart beat fast;
He was a real Christmas tree—he had his wish at last.

One large and shining apple, with cheeks of ruddy gold;
Six tapers, and a tiny doll were all that he could hold.
The baby laughed, the baby crowed, to see the tapers bright;
The forest baby felt the joy, and shared in the delight.

And when, at last, the tapers died, and when the baby slept,
The little fir, in silent night, a patient vigil kept.
Though scorched and brown its needles were, it had no heart
to grieve;
“I have not lived in vain,” he said; “thank God for Christ-
mas Eve!”

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, swinging on its way,
The world revolved from night to day
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursèd mouth
The cannon thundered in the South
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE SHEPHERDS IN JUDEA

Oh, the Shepherds in Judea,
They are pacing to and fro,
For the air grows chill at twilight
And the weanling lambs are slow!

Leave, O lambs, the dripping sedges, quit the bramble and
the brier,
Leave the fields of barley stubble, for we light the watching-
fire;

Twinkling fires across the twilight, and a bitter watch to keep,
Lest the prowlers come a-thieving where the flocks un-
guarded sleep.

Oh, the Shepherds in Judea,
They are singing soft and low—
Song the blessed angels taught them
All the centuries ago!

There was never roof to hide them, there were never walls
to bind;
Stark they lie beneath the star-beams, whom the blessed
angels find,
With the huddled flocks upstarting, wondering if they hear
aright,
While the Kings come riding, riding, solemn shadows in the
night.

Oh, the Shepherds in Judea,
They are thinking, as they go,
Of the light that broke their watching
On the hillside in the snow!—

Scattered snow along the hillside, white as springtime
fleeces are,
With the whiter wings above them and the glory-streaming
star—
Guiding-star across the housetops; never fear the Shepherds
felt
Till they found the Babe in manger where the kindly cattle
knelt.

Oh, the Shepherds in Judea!—
Do you think the Shepherds know
How the whole round earth is brightened
In the ruddy Christmas glow?

How the sighs are lost in laughter, and the laughter brings
the tears,
As the thoughts of men go seeking back across the darkling
years
Till they find the wayside stable that the star-led Wise Men
found,
With the Shepherds, mute, adoring, and the glory shining
round!

MARY AUSTIN.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was Queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars;
Peace brooded o'er the hush'd domain
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturb'd their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home.
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What reck'd the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

Within that province far away
 Went plodding home a weary boor:
A streak of light before him lay,
 Fall'n through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He pass'd—for nought
 Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars! his only thought;
 The air how calm and cold and thin,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago!

O strange indifference!—low and high
 Drows'd over common joys and cares:
The earth was still—but knew not why;
 The world was listening—unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment none would heed,
 Man's doom was link'd, no more to sever,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago.

It *is* the calm and solemn night!
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness, charm'd and holy now.
The night that erst no name had worn,
 To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new-born
 The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago.

ALFRED DOMETT.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

So crowded was the little town
On the first Christmas day,
Tired Mary Mother laid her down
To rest upon the hay.
(Ah, would my door might have been thrown
Wide open on her way!)

But when the Holy Babe was born
In the deep hush of night,
It seemed as if a Sabbath morn
Had come with sacred light.
Child Jesus made the place forlorn
With his own beauty bright.

The manger rough was all his rest;
The cattle, having fed,
Stood silent by, or closer pressed,
And gravely wonderèd.
(Ah, Lord, if only that my breast
Had cradled Thee instead!)

JAMES S. PARK.

BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW*

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
Is it really come again,
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain?
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,

*From the "Poems of Frances Ridley Havergal," published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

And a spray of cypress twining
 With the holly wreath to-night.
And the hush is never broken
 By laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
 To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
 'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
 With the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing
 As they are singing now,
If we could but see the radiance
 Of the crown on each dear brow;
There would be no sigh to smother,
 No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
 To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
 This never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
 Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
 Sweet herald of good-will,
With holy songs of glory
 Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
 And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
 To the "bells across the snow."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THE WAITS

At the break of Christmas Day,
Through the frosty starlight ringing,
Faint and sweet and far away,
Comes the sound of children, singing,
Chanting, singing,
 *“Cease to mourn,
 For Christ is born,
Peace and joy to all men bringing!”*

Careless that the chill winds blow,
Growing stronger, sweeter, clearer,
Noiseless footfalls in the snow
Bring the happy voices nearer;
Hear them singing,
 *“Winter’s drear,
 But Christ is here,
Mirth and gladness with Him bringing!”*

“Merry Christmas!” hear them say,
As the East is growing lighter;
“May the joy of Christmas Day
Make your whole year gladder, brighter!”
Join their singing,
 *“To each home
 Our Christ has come,
All Love’s treasures with Him bringing!”*

MARGARET DELAND.

CHRISTMAS, 1898*

Though doubters doubt and scoffers scoff,
And peace on earth seems still far off;
Though learned doctors think they know
The gospel stories are not so;
Though greedy man is greedy still
And competition chokes good-will,
While rich men sigh and poor men fret,
Dear me! we can't spare Christmas yet!
Time may do better—maybe not;
Meanwhile let's keep the day we've got!

On Bethlehem's birth and Bethlehem's star
Whate'er our speculations are,
Where'er for us may run the line
Where human merges with divine,
We're dull indeed if we can't see
What Christmas feelings ought to be,
And dull again if we can doubt
It's worth our while to bring them out.
"Glory to God: good-will to men!"
Come! Feel it, show it, give it then!

Come to us, Christmas, good old day,
Soften us, cheer us, say your say
To hearts which thrift, too eager, keeps
In bonds, while fellow-feeling sleeps.
Good Christmas, whom our children love,
We love you, too! Lift us above
Our cares, our fears, our small desires!
Open our hands and stir the fires
Of helpful fellowship within us,
And back to love and kindness win us!

EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN.

*Copyright, 1902, by Harper & Brothers.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the
house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys,—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, — a right jolly old elf —
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight:
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!”

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS*

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy,
Without them sashes, curls, an' things that's worn by
Fauntleroy!

Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor-ile they give for belly-ache!
'Most all the time, the whole year round, there ain't no flies
on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat;
First thing she knows she does n't know where she is at!
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride!
But sometimes when the grocery man is worrited an' cross,
He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his hoss,
An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh, ye never teched *me!*"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man,
I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brothe' Dan,
As was et up by the cannibuls that lives in Ceylon's Isle,
Where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is vile!
But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West show,
Nor read the Life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd
know
That Buff'lo Bill an' cow-boys is good enough for me!
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!

*From "Love-Songs of Childhood," by Eugene Field. Copyright, 1894,
by Charles Scribner's Sons.

And then old Sport he hangs around, so solemn-like an' still,
His eyes they seem a-sayin', "What's the matter, little
Bill?"

The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's
become

Of them two enemies of hern that used to make things hum!
But I am so perlite an' 'tend so earnestly to biz,
That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me
When, jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies, cakes, an'
toys,

Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for naughty
boys;

So wash yer face, an' bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's an' q's,
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, and don't wear out yer
shoes;

Say "Yessum" to the ladies, an' "Yessur" to the men,
An' when they's company, don't pass yer plate fer pie again;
But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

EUGENE FIELD.

SPECIAL DAYS

For a short history of these special holidays see appendix.

DEAR LAND OF ALL MY LOVE

From "The Centennial Ode"

Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow.

SIDNEY LANIER.

ARBOR DAY

WHAT DO WE PLANT WHEN WE PLANT THE TREE ?

WHAT do we plant when we plant the tree ?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea,
We plant the mast to carry the sails,
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee,—
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree ?
We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be,
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree ?
A thousand things that we daily see.
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

HENRY ABBEY.

NOTE.—*Selections suitable for Arbor Day will be found also under Bird Day, Flower Day, and The Changing Year.*

PLANT A TREE

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease;
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessèd tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries, in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear,
New shoots every year
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree
He plants love.
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant: Life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

LUCY LARCOM

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE

Come, let us plant the apple-tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard-row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple-tree.

* * * * *

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

Woodman, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand—
 Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
 And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
 Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
 Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
 I sought its grateful shade ;
In all their gushing joy
 Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here ;
 My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not!

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

THE TREE

The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost sweeping down.

"No, leave them alone

Till the blossoms have grown,"

Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung.

"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.

"No, leave them alone

Till the berries have grown,"

Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow:

Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"

"Yes, all thou canst see:

Take them; all are for thee,"

Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

AN ARBOR DAY TREE

Dear little tree that we plant to-day,

What will you be when we're old and gray?

"The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,

For robin and wren an apartment house,

The dressing-room of the butterfly's ball,

The locust's and katydid's concert hall,

The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June,

The schoolgirl's tent in the July noon,

And my leaves shall whisper them merrily

A tale of the children who planted me."

UNKNOWN.

THE OAK

A glorious tree is the old gray oak :
 He has stood for a thousand years ;
 Has stood and frowned
 On the trees around,
 Like a king among his peers ;
As round their king they stand, so now,
 When the flowers their pale leaves fold,
The tall trees round him stand, arrayed
 In their robes of purple and gold.

He has stood like a tower
Through sun and shower,
And dared the winds to battle ;
 He has heard the hail,
 As from plates of mail,
From his own limbs shaken, rattle ;
He has tossed them about, and shorn the tops
 (When the storm had roused his might)
Of the forest-trees, as a strong man doth
 The heads of his foes in fight.

GEORGE HILL.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK ✓

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who hath ruled in the greenwood long ;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
 And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down
 And the fire in the West fades out ;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
 When the storms through his branches shout.

In the days of old, when the Spring with cold
 Had brightened his branches gray,
Through the grass at his feet, crept maidens sweet,
 To gather the dews of May.
And on that day, to the rebec gay
 They frolicked with lovesome swains ;
They are gone, they are dead, in the church-yard laid,
 But the tree—it still remains.

He saw rare times when the Christmas chimes
 Were a merry sound to hear,
When the Squire's wide hall and the cottage small
 Were filled with good English cheer.
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
 And a ruthless king is he ;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
 To be tossed on the stormy sea.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who stands in his pride alone ;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
 When a hundred years are gone.

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY

THE APPLE-BARREL

It stood in the cellar low and dim,
 Where the cobwebs swept and swayed,
Holding the store from bough and limb
 At the feet of Autumn laid.
And oft, when the days were short and drear
 And the north wind shrieked and roared,
We children sought in the corner here,
 And drew on the toothsome hoard.

For thus through the long, long winter-time
It answered our every call
With wine of the Summer's golden prime
Sealed by the hand of Fall,
The best there was of the earth and air,
Of rain and sun and breeze,
Changed to a pippin sweet and rare
By the art of the faithful trees.

A wonderful barrel was this, had we
Its message but rightly heard,
Filled with the tales of wind and bee,
Of cricket and moth and bird;
Rife with the bliss of the fragrant June
When skies were soft and blue;
Thronged with the dreams of a harvest moon
O'er fields drenched deep with dew.

O homely barrel, I'd fain essay
Your marvellous skill again;
Take me back to the past, I pray,
As willingly now as then;—
Back to the tender morns and eves,
The noontides warm and still,
The fleecy clouds and the spangled leaves
Of the orchard over the hill.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

THE HEART OF THE TREE

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants the friend of sun and sky;
He plants the flag of breezes free;
The shaft of beauty, towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh
For song and mother-croon of bird
In hushed and happy twilight heard—
The treble of heaven's harmony—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to me,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage;
The harvest of a coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty
And far-cast thought of civic good—
His blessings on the neighborhood
When in the hollow of His hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER.

APRIL FOOL'S DAY

THE FIRST OF APRIL

NOW, if to be an April-fool
Is to delight in the song of the thrush,
To long for the swallow in air's blue hollow,
And the nightingale's riotous music-gush,
And to painted vision of cities Elysian
Out away in the sunset-flush—
Then I grasp my flagon and swear thereby,
We are April-fools, my Love and I.

And if to be an April fool
Is to feel contempt for iron and gold,
For the shallow fame at which most men aim—
And to turn from worldlings cruel and cold
To God in His splendor, loving and tender,
And to bask in His presence manifold—
Then by all the stars in His infinite sky,
We are April fools, my Love and I.

MORTIMER COLLINGS

NOTE.—*See also April.*

MADCAP APRIL

Unmannered March hath many a prank
With buffetings, but yet is frank
Who deals with Mars expect but blows;
And waxing old he milder grows.

A roguish sprite of fickle mind
Young April comes; for she doth bind
Her scanty flowers in posies sweet
To throw them slyly at our feet.

Then as we think to seize the prize,
It vanishes before our eyes;
And April's fools, thus lured with flowers,
Are sprinkled with quick, mocking showers.

TUDOR JENKS.

BIRD DAY

TO A WATERFOWL

W HITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

NOTE.—*Selections suitable for Bird Day will be found also under Arbor Day, Flower Day, and The Changing Year.*

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

TO A SKYLARK ✓

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightening
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
 Or triumphal chant
Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

* * * * *

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

TO A SKYLARK

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me, till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There's madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me, high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou wouldst be loth
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain river,
Pouring out joy to the Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures when life's day is done.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE BLUEBIRD

(From "Spring in New England.")

Hark! 'tis the bluebird's venturous strain
High on the old fringed elm at the gate—
Sweet-voiced, valiant on the swaying bough,
Alert, elate,
Dodging the fitful spits of snow,
New England's poet-laureate
Telling us Spring has come again!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE LARK

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place;
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy—love gave it birth!
Where, on thy dewy wing—
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven,—thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there never was bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings;

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature, you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring bursts from his little throat;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE SANDPIPER

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
 Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
 Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
 One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
 Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
 Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
 He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong.
 The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
 When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
 To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
 The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
 Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

CELIA THAXTER.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
 Thou messenger of Spring!
How Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee:
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

THE NIGHTINGALE

O Nightingale! thou surely art
A creature of a "fiery heart":—
These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!
Thou sing'st as if the God of Wine
Had helped thee to a Valentine;
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent night,
And steady bliss, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.

I heard a Stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale, this very day;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze:
He did not cease; but cooed—and cooed;
And somewhat pensively he wooed;
He sang of love, with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith, and inward glee;
That was the song—the song for me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE BROWN THRUSH

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree.
"He's singing to me! He's singing to me!"
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? Don't you see?
Unless we're as good as can be?"

UNKNOWN.

ROBIN REDBREAST

Sweet Robin, I have heard them say
That thou wert there upon the day
The Christ was crowned in cruel scorn
And bore away one bleeding thorn,—
That so the blush upon thy breast,
In shameful sorrow, was impressed;
And thence thy genial sympathy
With our redeemed humanity.

Sweet Robin, would that I might be
Bathed in my Saviour's blood, like thee;
Bear in my breast, whate'er the loss,
The bleeding blazon of the cross;
Live ever, with thy loving mind,
In fellowship with human kind;
And take my pattern still from thee,
In gentleness and constancy.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

What do the robins whisper about
From their homes in the elms and birches?
I've tried to study the riddle out,
But still in my mind is many a doubt,
In spite of deep researches.

While all the world is in silence deep,
In the twilight of early dawning
They begin to chirp and twitter and peep,
As if they were talking in their sleep,
At three o'clock in the morning.

Perhaps they tell secrets that should not be heard
By mortals listening and prying;
Perhaps we might learn from some whispered word
The best way to bring up a little bird,
Or the wonderful art of flying.

It may be the gossip from nest to nest,
Hidden and leaf-enfolded;
For do we not often hear it confessed,
When a long-kept secret at last is guessed,
That "a little bird has told it"?

What do the robins whisper about
In the twilight of early dawning?
Listen, and tell me, if you find it out,
What 'tis the robins whisper about
At three o'clock in the morning.

UNKNOWN.

THE EAGLE

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing!
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where the wide storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain-top;
Thy fields, the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight
To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest, wild and free.

* * * * *

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

THE SWALLOWS

Gallant and gay in their doublets gray,
All at a flash like the darting of flame,
Chattering Arabic, African, Indian—
Certain of springtime, the swallows came !

Doublets of gray silk and surcoats of purple,
And ruffs of russet round each little throat,
Wearing such garb they had crossed the waters,
Mariners sailing with never a boat.

EDWIN ARNOLD

THE OWL

In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised, in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk he's abroad and well!
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away!
*Oh, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then, is the reign of the hornèd owl!*

And the owl hath a bride, who is fond and bold,
And loveth the wood's deep gloom;
And, with eyes like the shine of the moonstone cold,
She awaiteth her ghastly groom.
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
As she waits in her tree so still;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
She hoots out her welcome shrill!
*Oh, when the moon shines, and dogs do howl,
Then, then, is the joy of the hornèd owl!*

Mourn not for the owl, nor his gloomy plight!
The owl hath his share of good:
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord in the dark greenwood!
Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate,
They are each unto each a pride;
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange, dark fate
Hath rent them from all beside!

*So, when the night falls, and dogs do howl,
Sing, ho! for the reign of the hornèd owl!
We know not alway
Who are kings by day,
But the king of the night is the bold brown owl!*
BRYAN W. PROCTER (*Barry Cornwall*).

THE OWL

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BIRD TRADES

The swallow is a mason,
And underneath the eaves
He builds a nest and plasters it
With mud and hay and leaves

Of all the weavers that I know,
The oriole is the best;
High on the branches of the tree
She hangs her cosy nest.

The woodpecker is hard at work—
A carpenter is he—
And you may hear him hammering,
His nest high up a tree.

Some little birds are miners;
Some build upon the ground;
And busy little tailors too,
Among the birds are found.

UNKNOWN.

THE SINGING LESSON

A nightingale made a mistake;
She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing,
But was far too proud to speak;
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep.

A lark, arm-in-arm with a thrush,
Came sauntering up to the place;
The nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face;
She knew they had heard her song,
She felt them snicker and sneer,
She thought this life was too long,
And wished she could skip a year.

“O nightingale! ” cooed a dove;
“O nightingale! what’s the use;
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don’t skulk away from our sight,
Like a common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?

“Only think of all you have done;
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you!
Lift up your proud little crest;
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best,
You need only to speak.”

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing
And giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm;
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm!

The nightingale did not care,
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
She knew but little about;
And this story’s a moral, I know,
If you’ll try to find it out!

JEAN INGELow.

LOST—THREE LITTLE ROBINS

Oh, where is the boy dressed in jacket of gray,
Who climbed up a tree in the orchard to-day
And carried my three little birdies away?

They hardly were dressed,
When he took from the nest
My three little robins and left me distressed.

O wrens! have you seen in your travels to-day
A very small boy dressed in jacket of gray,
Who carried my three little robins away?

He had light-colored hair,
And his feet were both bare,
And he was most cruel to me, I declare.

O butterfly! stop just one moment, I pray;
Have you seen a small boy dressed in jacket of gray,
Who carried my three little birdies away?

From his pretty blue eyes
One might think he was wise,
But he must be wicked for one of his size.

O boy with blue eyes dressed in jacket of gray!
If you will bring back my three robins to-day,
With sweetest of music the gift I'll repay;

I'll sing all day long
My merriest song,
And I will forgive you this terrible wrong.

Bobolink! did you see my birdies and me,
How happy we were in the old apple tree,
Until I was robbed of my young, as you see?

Oh, how can I sing,
Unless he will bring
My three robins back, to sleep under my wing?

UNKNOWN.

REMORSE

I killed a robin. The little thing,
With scarlet breast and glossy wing,
That comes on the apple tree to sing.

I flung a stone as he twittered there,
I only meant to give him a scare,
But off it went—and hit him square.

A little flutter—a little cry—
Then on the ground I saw him lie.
I didn't think he was going to die.

But as I watched him I soon could see
He never would sing for you or me
Any more in the apple tree.

Never more in the morning light,
Never more in the sunshine bright,
Trilling his song in gay delight.

And I'm thinking every summer day,
How never, never can I repay
The little life I took away.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

BUNKER HILL DAY

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?

Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?

Hear it in that battle-peal!

Read it on yon bristling steel!

Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?

Will ye to your homes retire?

Look behind you! they're a-fire!

And, before you, see

Who have done it!—From the vale

On they come!—And will ye quail?—

Leaden rain and iron hail

Let their welcome be!

In the God of Battles trust!

Die we may,—and die we must;

But, oh, where can dust to dust

Be consigned so well

As where Heaven its dews shall shed

On the martyred patriot's bed,

And the rocks shall raise their head,

Of his deeds to tell!

JOHN PIERPONT.

NOTE.—*Selections suitable for Bunker Hill Day will be found also under Patriots' Day, Independence Day, Washington's Birthday, and Flag Day. "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, should be referred to. Its length prevented its inclusion here.*

BUNKER HILL

“Not yet, not yet; steady, steady!”
On came the foe, in even line:
Nearer and nearer to thrice paces nine.
We looked into their eyes. “Ready!”
A sheet of flame! A roll of death!
They fell by scores; we held our breath!
Then nearer still they came;
Another sheet of flame!
And brave men fled who never fled before.
Immortal fight!
Foreshadowing flight
Back to the astounded shore.

Quickly they rallied, reënforced.
Mid louder roar of ship’s artillery,
And bursting bombs and whistling musketry
And shouts and groans, anear, afar,
All the new din of dreadful war,
Through their broad bosoms calmly coursed
The blood of those stout farmers, aiming
For freedom, manhood’s birthrights claiming.
Onward once more they came;
Another sheet of deathful flame!
Another and another still:
They broke, they fled:
Again they sped
Down the green, bloody hill.

Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton, Gage,
Stormed with commander’s rage.
Into each emptied barge
They crowd fresh men for a new charge

Up that great hill.
Again their gallant blood we spill:
That volley was the last:
Our powder failed.
On three sides fast
The foe pressed in; nor quailed
A man. Their barrels empty, with musket-stocks
They fought, and gave death-dealing knocks,
Till Prescott ordered the retreat.
Then Warren fell; and through a leaden sleet,
From Bunker Hill and Breed,
Stark, Putnam, Pomeroy, Knowlton, Read
Led off the remnant of those heroes true,
The foe too shattered to pursue.
The ground they gained; but we
The victory.

GEORGE H. CALVERT.

ON THE EVE OF BUNKER HILL *

(JUNE 16, 1775.)

'Twas June on the face of the earth, June with the rose's
breath,
When life is a gladsome thing, and a distant dream is death;
There was gossip of birds in the air, and the lowing of herds
by the wood,
And a sunset gleam in the sky that the heart of a man holds
good;
Then the nun-like Twilight came, violet-vestured and still,
And the night's first star outshone afar on the eve of Bunker
Hill.

* By special permission of the author, from "Ballads of Valor and Victory,"
published by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

There rang a cry through the camp, with its word upon
rousing word;
There was never a faltering foot in the ranks of those that
heard;—
Lads from the Hampshire hills and the rich Connecticut
vales,
Sons of the old Bay Colony, from its shores and its inland
dales;
Swiftly they fell in line; no fear could their valor chill;
Ah, brave the show as they ranged a-row on the eve of
Bunker Hill!

Then a deep voice lifted a prayer to the God of the brave
and the true,
And the heads of the men were bare in the gathering dusk
and dew;
The heads of a thousand men were bowed as the pleading
rose,—
Smite Thou, Lord, as of old Thou smotest Thy people's foes!
Oh, nerve Thy servants' arms to work with a mighty will!
A hush, and then a loud *Amen!* on the eve of Bunker Hill!

Now they are gone through the night with never a thought
of fame,
Gone to the field of a fight that shall win them a deathless
name;
Some shall never again behold the set of the sun,
But lie like the Concord slain, and the slain of Lexington,
Martyrs to Freedom's cause. Ah, how at their deeds we
thrill,
The men whose might made strong the height on the eve
of Bunker Hill!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

CARNATION DAY

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

HIS work is done, his toil is o'er;
A martyr for our land he fell—
The land he loved, that loved him well;
Honor his name forevermore!

Let all the world its tribute pay,
For glorious shall be his renown;
Though duty's was his only crown,
Yet duty's path is glory's way.

For he was great without pretense;
A man of whom none whispered shame,
A man who knew nor guile nor blame;
Good in his every influence.

On battle-field, in council-hall,
Long years with sterling service rife
He gave us, and at last his life—
Still unafraid at duty's call.

Let the last solemn pageant move,
The nation's grief to consecrate
To him struck down by maniac hate
Amid a mighty nation's love;

And though the thought it solace gives,
Beside the martyr's grave to-day
We feel 'tis almost hard to say:
"God reigns and the Republic lives! "

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

THE COMFORT OF THE TREES

Gentle and generous, brave-hearted, kind,
And full of love and trust was he, our chief;
He never harmed a soul! Oh, dull and blind
And cruel, the hand that smote, beyond belief!
Strike him? It could not be! Soon should we find
'Twas but a torturing dream—our sudden grief!
Then sobs and wailings down the northern wind
Like the wild voice of shipwreck from a reef!
By false hope lulled (his courage gave us hope!)
By day, by night we watched,—until unfurled
At last the word of fate!—Our memories
Cherish one tender thought in their sad scope:
He, looking from the window on this world,
Found comfort in the moving green of trees.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

CHICAGO DAY

CHICAGO

MEN said at vespers: "All is well! "
In one wild night the city fell ;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none.
Men clasped each other's hands and said:
"The City of the West is dead ! "

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,
The fiends of fire from street to street,
Turned powerless, to the blinding glare,
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signalled round that sea of fire ;
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came ;
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South and North,
The messages of hope shot forth,
And, underneath the severing wave
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old ; but fairer still
The new, the dreary void shall fill
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city! from thee throw
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe;
And build, as to Amphion's strain,
To songs of cheer thy walls again!

How shrivelled in thy hot distress
The primal sin of selfishness !
How instant rose, to take thy part,
The angel in the human heart !

Ah ! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust ;
The Christ again has preached through thee
The Gospel of Humanity !

Then lift once more thy towers on high,
And fret with spires the western sky,
To tell that God is yet with us,
And love is still miraculous !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

CHICAGO

Blackened and bleeding, helpless, panting, prone,
On the charred fragments of her shattered throne
Lies she who stood but yesterday alone.

Queen of the West ! by some enchanter taught
To lift the glory of Aladdin's court,
Then lose the spell that all that wonder wrought.

Like her own prairies by some chance seed sown,
Like her own prairies in one brief day grown,
Like her own prairies in one fierce night mown.

She lifts her voice, and in her pleading call
We hear the cry of Macedon to Paul,
The cry for help that makes her kin to all.

But haply with wan fingers may she feel
The silver cup hid in the proffered meal,
The gifts her kinship and our loves reveal.

BRET HARTE.

COMMENCEMENT

VACATION TIME

THE grammars and the spellers,
The pencils and the slates,
The books that hold the fractions
And the books that tell the dates,
The crayons and the blackboards
And the maps upon the wall,
Must all be glad together,
For they won't be used till Fall.

They've had to work like beavers
To help the children learn ;
And if they want a little rest,
It surely is their turn.
They shut their leaves with pleasure,
The dear old lesson books,
And the crayons and the blackboards
Put on delighted looks.

So, children, just remember,
When you are gone away,
Your poor old slates and pencils
Are keeping holiday.
The grammars and the spellers
Are as proud as proud can be
When the boys forsake the schoolroom
And the teacher turns the key.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

NOTE.—*It may be said, broadly, that almost any selection in this volume is suitable for Commencement Day exercises.*

AT GRADUATING TIME

The graduates are going forth —
God bless them every one ! —
To run this hard and stubborn world
Just as it should be run ;
But much I fear they'll find that facts
Don't always track with dreams ;
And running this old world is not
As easy as it seems.

The graduate is prone to think
His wisdom is complete.
He's but to ask — the world will lay
Its trophies at his feet.
But schooldays done and work begun,
He learns to his regret
The college of experience
He has not mastered yet.

The world has garlands and applause
At graduating time ;
But may forget him the next day,
When he attempts to climb.
Life is a battle where each one
Must seek and hold his own.
{ He who would rise above the clouds }
Must scale the heights alone.

This is the rule of life to-day,
As it has ever been :
The world bestows its smiles on those
Who have the strength to win.
Beneath all outward semblances
It looks for merit true.
It little cares how much you know,
But asks, what can you do ?

UNKNOWN.

COMMENCEMENT AT BILLVILLE

Commencement's come at Billville; the girls are in the
show,

A-smilin' an' beguillin' in a maze o' calico ;

An' they're sighin', speechifyin', got the reins without a
check,

An' the boy is still a-standin' on the usual burnin' deck!

An' Mary's got her little lamb, as gentle as a shoat,

An' not a single drum is heard, not even a funeral note ;

An' Iser's rollin' rapidly, you almost see it shine,

An' some are born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine!

They're goin' like two-forty, the town can't get to sleep

For, pilot, 'tis a fearful night, there's danger on the deep;

An' Curfew shall not ring to-night; they've sworn it, an'
they know!

Commencement's come at Billville, an' the girls are in the
show!

UNKNOWN.

EASTER

EASTER MORNING

MOST glorious Lord of life, that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,
And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win;
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we, for whom thou didst die,
Being with Thy dear blood clean washed from sin,
May live forever in felicity:
And that Thy love we weighing worthily
May likewise love Thee for the same again :
And for Thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought;
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

EDMUND SPENSER.

NOTE.—*Selections suitable for Easter may be found also under Spring.*

EASTER CAROL

O Earth! throughout thy borders
 Re-don thy fairest dress;
And everywhere, O Nature!
 Throb with new happiness;
Once more to new creation
 Awake, and death gainsay,
For death is swallowed up of life,
 And Christ is risen to-day!

Let peals of jubilation
 Ring out in all the lands;
With hearts of deep elation
 Let sea with sea clasp hands;
Let one supreme Te Deum
 Roll round the World's highway,
For death is swallowed up of life,
 And Christ is risen to-day!

GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.

EASTER

I.

When in the starry gloom
They sought the Lord Christ's tomb,
Two angels stood in sight
All dressed in burning white
Who unto the women said:
“Why seek ye the living among the dead?”

II.

His life, his hope, his heart,
With death they had no part;
For this those words of scorn
First heard that holy morn,
When the waiting angels said:
“Why seek ye the living among the dead?”

III.

O ye of this latter day,
Who journey the selfsame way—
Through morning's twilight gloom
Back to the shadowy tomb—
To you, as to them, was it said:
“Why seek ye the living among the dead?”

IV.

The Lord is risen indeed,
He is here for your love, for your need—
Not in the grave, nor the sky,
But here where men live and die;
And true the word that was said:
“Why seek ye the living among the dead?”

V.

Wherever are tears and sighs,
Wherever are children's eyes,
Where man calls man his brother,
And loves as himself another,
Christ lives! The angels said:
“Why seek ye the living among the dead?”

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

EASTER

The barrier stone has rolled away,
And loud the angels sing ;
The Christ comes forth this blessed day
To reign, a deathless king.
For shall we not believe He lives
Through such awakening ?
Behold, how God each April gives
The miracle of Spring.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

EASTER MUSIC

JONQUILS

Blow, golden trumpets, sweet and clear,
Blow soft upon the perfumed air ;
Bid the sad earth to join your song,
“ To Christ does victory belong ! ”

Oh, let the winds your message bear
To every heart of grief and care ;
Sound through the world the joyful lay,
“ Our Christ has conquered Death to-day ! ”

On cloudy wings let glad words fly
Through the soft blue of echoing sky :
Ring out, O trumpets, sweet and clear.
“ Through Death immortal Life is here ! ”

MARGARET DELAND.

MARY'S EASTER

Easter lilies freshly bloom
O'er the open, conquered tomb;
Cups of incense, pure and fair,
Pour oblations on the air.
Easter-glory sudden flows
Through the portal none may close;
Death and darkness flee away,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

Shining forms are sitting by
Where the folded garments lie;
Loving Mary knows no fear
While the waiting angels hear
"They have taken my Lord away,
Know ye where he lies to-day?"
Sweet they answer to her cry,
As their pinions pass her by.

See the Master stand to greet
Her that weepeth at his feet.
"Mary!" At the tender word
Well she knows her risen Lord!
All her love and passion breaks
In the single word she speaks:—
Hear the sweet "Rabboni!" tell
All her woman-heart so well!

"Quickly go, and tell it out
Unto others round about,
Thou hast been forgiven much;
Tell it, Mary, unto such.
By thy love within thy heart,
This my word to them impart;
Death shall touch thy soul no more,
Christ thy Lord hath gone before!"

MARIE MASON.

EASTER WEEK

See the land, her Easter keeping,
Rises as her Maker rose.
Seeds, so long in darkness sleeping,
Burst at last from winter snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices,
Fields and gardens hail the spring ;
Shaughs and woodlands ring with voices,
While the wild birds build and sing.

You, to whom your Maker granted
Powers to those sweet birds unknown,
Use the craft by God implanted ;
Use the reason not your own.
Here, while heaven and earth rejoices,
Each his Easter tribute bring —
Work of fingers, chant of voices,
Like the birds who build and sing.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

EASTER EVEN

The tempest over and gone, the calm begun,
Lo, "It is finished," and the Strong Man sleeps :
All stars keep vigil watching for the sun,
The moon her vigil keeps.

A garden full of silence and of dew,
Beside a virgin cave and entrance stone :
Surely a garden full of Angels too,
Wondering, on watch, alone.

They who cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy," still,
Veiling their faces round God's throne above,
May well keep vigil on this heavenly hill
And cry their cry of love.

Adoring God in His new mystery
Of Love more deep than hell, more strong than death ;
Until the day break and the shadows flee,
The Shaking and the Breath.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

A TRUE LENT

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep ?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish ?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour ?

No : 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent ;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin :
And that's to keep thy Lent.

ROBERT HERRICK.

EASTER HYMN

Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise!

Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O Grave?

CHARLES WESLEY.

EMANCIPATION DAY

LAUS DEO

IT is done !
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfrys rock and reel !
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town !

Ring, O bells !
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time !

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How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise !

NOTE.—*Selections suitable for Emancipation Day will be found also under Lincoln's Birthday, John Brown, William Lloyd Garrison, and Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

NO SLAVE BENEATH THE FLAG

No slave beneath that starry flag,
The emblem of the free!
No fettered hand shall wield the brand
That smites for liberty:
No tramp of servile armies
Shall shame Columbia's shore,
For he who fights for freedom's rights
Is free for evermore!

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Go tell the brave of every land,
Where'er that flag has flown—
The tyrant's fear, the patriot's cheer,
Through every clime and zone—
That now no more forever
Its stripes are slavery scars;
No tear-drops stain its azure plain
Nor dim its golden stars.

No slave beneath that grand old flag!
Forever let it fly,
With lightning rolled in every fold,
And flashing victory!
God's blessing breathe around it!
And when all strife is done,
May freedom's light, that knows no night,
Make every star a sun!

GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

THE FREEMAN

(From "The Task.")

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.

No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE DEATH OF SLAVERY

O thou great Wrong, that, through the slow-paced years,
Didst hold thy millions fettered, and didst wield
The scourge that drove the laborer to the field,
And turn a stony gaze on human tears,
Thy cruel reign is o'er:
Thy bondmen crouch no more
In terror at the menace of thine eye;
For He who marks the bounds of guilty power,
Long-suffering, hath heard the captive's cry,
And touched his shackles at the appointed hour,
And lo! they fall, and he whose limbs they galled
Stands in his native manhood, disenthralled.

A shout of joy from the redeemed is sent;
Ten thousand hamlets swell the hymn of thanks;
Our rivers roll exulting, and their banks
Send up hosannas to the firmament!
Fields where the bondman's toil
No more shall trench the soil,
Seem now to bask in a serener day;
The meadow-birds sing sweeter, and the airs
Of heaven with more caressing softness play,
Welcoming man to liberty like theirs.
A glory clothes the land from sea to sea,
For the great land and all its coasts are free.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

FLAG DAY

THE AMERICAN FLAG

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

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JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM

Though many and bright are the stars that appear
In that flag by our country unfurled,
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there
Like a rainbow adorning the world—
Their light is unsullied as those in the sky,
By a deed that our fathers have done,
And they're linked in as true and as holy a tie,
In their motto of "Many in One."

NOTE.—*Selections suitable for Flag Day will be found also under Independence Day, Patriots' Day, Bunker Hill Day, and Washington's Birthday.*

From the hour when those patriots fearlessly flung
That banner of starlight abroad,
Ever true to themselves, to that motto they clung
As they clung to the promise of God;
They conquered, and, dying, bequeathed to our care
Not this boundless dominion alone,
But that banner whose loveliness hallows the air,
And their motto of "Many in One."

Then up with our flag !—let it stream on the air;
Though our fathers are cold in their graves,
They had hands that could strike—they had souls
that could dare,—
And their sons were not born to be slaves.
Up, up with that banner!—where'er it may call,
Our millions shall rally around,
And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall,
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CUTTER.

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY

What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land:
Oh, tell us what the name may be,—
Is this the Flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free;
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light,—
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew,—
And God love us as we love thee—
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous
fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY*

Old Glory! say, who
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the Gray and the Blue—
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere,
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air,
And leap out full length, as we're wanting you to?—

Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—
By day or by night
Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue!
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—say, who—
Who gave you the name of old Glory?

*The old banner lifted, and faltering then,
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.*

Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—
For your name—just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear;—

* Used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company, from "Home Folks," copyright, 1900.

And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye,
And an aching to live for you always—or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrow thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

*Then the old banner leaped liked a sail in the blast
And fluttered an audible answer at last.*

And it spake with a shake of the voice, and it said:
By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars and their heaven of stars overhead—
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,—
My name is as old as the glory of God,
. . . So I came by the name of Old Glory.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE FLAG

Let it idly droop, or sway
To the wind's light will;
Furl its stars, or float in day;
Flutter, or be still!
It has held its colors bright,
Through the war-smoke dun;
Spotless emblem of the Right,
Whence success was won.

Let it droop in graceful rest
For a passing hour —
Glory's banner last and best;
Freedom's freshest flower!
Each red stripe has blazoned forth
Gospels writ in blood;
Every star has sung the birth
Of some deathless good.

Let it droop, but not too long!
On the eager wind
Bid it wave, to shame the wrong ;
To inspire mankind
With a larger human love ;
With a truth as true
As the heaven that broods above
Its deep field of blue.

In the gathering hosts of hope,
In the march of man,
Open for it place and scope,
Bid it lead the van ;
Till beneath the searching skies
Martyr-blood be found,
Purer than our sacrifice,
Crying from the ground:

Till a flag with some new light
Out of Freedom's sky,
Kindles, through the gulfs of night,
Holier blazonry.
Let its glow the darkness drown!
Give our banner sway,
Till its joyful stars go down,
In undreamed-of day!

LUCY LARCOM.

BETSY'S BATTLE FLAG

The first American flag was made by Betsy Ross and presented by her to General Washington.

From dusk till dawn the livelong night
She kept the tallow dips alight,
And fast her nimble fingers flew
To sew the stars upon the blue.
With weary eyes and aching head
She stitched the stripes of white and red,
And when the day came up the stair
Complete across a carven chair
Hung Betsy's battle flag.

Like shadows in the evening gray
The Continentals filed away,
With broken boots and ragged coats,
But hoarse defiance in their throats ;
They bore the marks of want and cold,
And some were lame and some were old,
And some with wounds untended bled,
But floating bravely overhead
Was Betsy's battle flag.

When fell the battle's leaden rain,
The soldier hushed his moans of pain
And raised his dying head to see
King George's troopers turn and flee.
Their charging column reeled and broke,
And vanished in the rolling smoke,
Before the glory of the stars,
The snowy stripes, and scarlet bars
Of Betsy's battle flag.

The simple stone of Betsy Ross
Is covered now with mold and moss,
But still her deathless banner flies,
And keeps the color of the skies.
A nation thrills, a nation bleeds,
A nation follows where it leads,
And every man is proud to yield
His life upon a crimson field
For Betsy's battle flag!

MINNA IRVING.

THE OLD FLAG FOREVER

She's up there—Old Glory—where lightnings are sped;
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red ;
And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead—
The flag of our country forever !

She's up there—Old Glory—how bright the stars stream!
And the stripes like red signals of liberty gleam !
And we dare for her, living, or dream the last dream—
'Neath the flag of our country forever !

She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant-dealt scars
Nor blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars !
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars—
She's the flag of our country forever !

FRANK L. STANTON.

OLD FLAG

What shall I say to you, Old Flag?
You are so grand in every fold,
So linked with mighty deeds of old,
So steeped in blood where heroes fell,
So torn and pierced by shot and shell,
So calm, so still, so firm, so true,
My throat swells at the sight of you,
Old Flag.

What of the men who lifted you, Old Flag,
Upon the top of Bunker's Hill,
Who crushed the Briton's cruel will,
'Mid shock and roar and crash and scream,
Who crossed the Delaware's frozen stream,
Who starved, who fought, who bled, who died,
That you might float in glorious pride,
Old Flag?

What of the women brave and true, Old Flag,
Who, while the cannon thundered wild,
Sent forth a husband, lover, child,
Who labored in the field by day,
Who, all the night long, knelt to pray,
And thought that God great mercy gave,
If only freely you might wave,
Old Flag?

What is your mission now, Old Flag?
What but to set all people free,
To rid the world of misery,
To guard the right, avenge the wrong,
And gather in one joyful throng
Beneath your folds in close embrace
All burdened ones of every race,
Old Flag.

Right nobly do you lead the way, Old Flag.
Your stars shine out for liberty,
Your white stripes stand for purity,
Your crimson claims that courage high
For Honor's sake to fight and die.
Lead on against the alien shore !
We'll follow you e'en to Death's door,
Old Flag !

HUBBARD PARKER.

THE FLAG GOES BY.

Hats off !
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky :
Hats off !
The flag is passing by !

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off !
The colors before us fly ;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace ;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong !
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off !
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off !
The flag is passing by !

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.

FLOWER DAY

WEEDS AND FLOWERS

THE flowers are loved, the weeds are spurned,
But for them both the suns are burned;
And when, at last, they fail the day,
The long night folds them all away.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

SOMEBODY'S GARDEN

The rose is made of little frills,
The lily is a cup;
And goblets are the daffodils
From which the fairies sup.

The daisy is a darling sun,
So small and round and sweet;
The sunflower is a bigger one,
Though never half so neat.

It sounds mysterious, and yet
You really can't deny
The lovely little violet
Was once a piece of sky.

NOTE.—*Selections suitable for Flower Day will be found also under Arbor Day, Bird Day, and The Changing Year.*

The orchids, that I may not touch,
Are curious, like shells;
The hyacinths remind me much
Of lots of little bells.

In fact, through all our garden plot,
In summer time or spring,
There's hardly any flower that's not
Just like some other thing!

MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON.

THE YOUNG DANDELION

I am a bold fellow
As ever was seen,
With my shield of yellow,
In the grass green.

You may uproot me
From field and from lane,
Trample me, cull me—
I spring up again.

I never flinch, sir,
Wherever I dwell,
Give me an inch, sir,
I'll soon take an ell.

Drive me from garden.
In anger and pride,
I'll thrive and harden
By the roadside.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

THE PROCESSION OF THE FLOWERS

First came the primrose,
 On the bank high,
Like a maiden looking forth
From the window of a tower
When the battle rolls below,
 So look'd she,
And saw the storms go by.

Then came the wind-flower
In the valley left behind,
As a wounded maiden, pale
With purple streaks of woe,
When the battle has roll'd by,
Wanders to and fro,
 So totter'd she,
Dishevell'd in the wind.

Then came the daisies,
On the first of May,
Like a banner'd show's advance
While the crowd runs by the way,
With ten thousand flowers about them they came
 trooping through the fields.

As a happy people come,
 So came they,
As a happy people come
When the war has roll'd away,
With dance and tabor, pipe and drum,
And all make holiday.

Then came the cowslip,
Like a dancer in the fair,
She spread her little mat of green,
And on it danced she.
With a fillet bound about her brow,
A fillet round her happy brow,
A golden fillet round her brow,
And rubies in her hair.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

GREEN THINGS GROWING

Oh, the green things growing, the green things growing,
The faint sweet smell of the green things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering of those green things
growing!
How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing;
In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so,—my green things growing!
And I think that they love me, without false showing;
For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so much,
With the soft, mute comfort of green things growing.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

THE DANDELIONS

Upon a showery night and still,
Without a sound of warning,
A trooper band surprised the hill,
And held it in the morning.
We were not waked by bugle-notes,
No cheer our dreams invaded,
And yet, at dawn, their yellow coats
On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot;
Till one day, idly walking,
We marked upon the self-same spot
A crowd of veterans talking.
They shook their trembling heads and gray
With pride and noiseless laughter;
When, well-a-day! they blew away,
And ne'er were heard of after!

HELEN GRAY CONE.

TO THE DANDELION

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

* * * * *

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE DANDELION

I found a little old elfin man,
His hair was white as snow;
He only had one foot to stand,
However the wind might blow.

“Now tell me, little old man,” I said,
“What is the time of day?”
And then I took my breath and blew
Till I blew his hair away.

“It’s two, four, six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
Eleven o’clock,” said he;
And then his little old head was bald,
As bald as it could be.

KATHARINE PYLE.

RAGGED ROBIN AND BOUNCING BET

By the roadside, rain or shine,
You’ll find two jolly good friends of mine;
Sturdier comrades never were yet—
Ragged Robin and Bouncing Bet.

O Ragged Robin! your coat of blue
Lets the sun and the rain come through.
O Betsy, you tomboy! your frock by night
Will be in tatters of pink and white.

Gay little beggars, what do they care?
They love their life in the sun and air.
Sturdier rascals never were yet—
Ragged Robin and Bouncing Bet.

ALICE REID.

DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES

Buttercups and daisies,
 Oh, the pretty flowers!
Coming, ere the spring-time,
 To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
 While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
 Spring up everywhere.

Ere the snow-drop peepeth,
 Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
 Opes its paly gold,
Somewhere on a sunny bank
 Buttercups are bright,
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
 Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,
 Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
 By their mother's door,
Purple with the north wind,
 Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not, and caring not,
 Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather?
 What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and daisies
 Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardship
 And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength
 And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow buttercups!
Welcome, daisies white!
Ye are, in my spirit,
Visioned a delight,
Coming ere the spring-time,
Of sunny hours to tell,
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth all things well.

MARY HOWITT.

THE IVY GREEN

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And staunch old heart has he!
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge oak tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And the nations scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping on, where Time has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.
CHARLES DICKENS.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east!

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

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ROBERT BURNS.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
 By the dusty roadside,
 On the sunny hill-side,
 Close by the noisy brook,
 In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;
 All around the open door,
 Where sit the aged poor;
 Here where the children play,
 In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy city street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part,—
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

* * * * *

SARAH ROBERTS BOYLB.

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

“You think I am dead,”
The apple-tree said,
“Because I have never a leaf to show—
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my foot.”

“You think I am dead,”
The quick grass said,
“Because I have parted with stem and blade!
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive, and ready to shoot
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flower without branch or root.”

“You think I am dead,”
A soft voice said,
“Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plummy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers!”

EDITH M. THOMAS.

WISHING

Ring-ting! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose, blooming in the spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The ferns and moss to creep across,
And the elm-tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an elm-tree,
A great, lofty elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And ever sweetly sing!

Oh—no! I wish I were a robin,
A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wings!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

FOREFATHERS' DAY

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

THE breaking waves dashed high
On the stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came:
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

NOTE.—*Selections suitable for Forefathers' Day will be found also under Thanksgiving Day.*

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why have they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the *Mayflower* moored below;
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone, —
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile,—sainted name!
The hill whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head,—
But the Pilgrim! where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure drest,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And still guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the *Mayflower* lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE "MAYFLOWER"

Down in the bleak December bay
The ghostly vessel stands away;
Her spars and halyards white with ice,
Under the dark December skies.
A hundred souls, in company,
Have left the vessel pensively,—
Have reached the frosty desert there,
And touched it with the knees of prayer.

And now the day begins to dip,
The night begins to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower.

Neither the desert nor the sea
Imposes rites: their prayers are free;
Danger and toil the wild imposes,
And thorns must grow before the roses.
And who are these?—and what distress
The savage-acred wilderness
On mother, maid, and child may bring,
Beseems them for a fearful thing;

For now the day begins to dip,
The night begins to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower.

But Carver leads (in heart and health
A hero of the commonwealth)
The axes that the camp requires,
To build the lodge and heap the fires,
And Standish from his warlike store
Arrays his men along the shore,
Distributes weapons resonant,
And dons his harness militant;

For now the day begins to dip,
The night begins to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower;

And Rose, his wife, unlocks a chest—
She sees a Book, in vellum drest,
She drops a tear and kisses the tome,
Thinking of England and of home:
Might they—the Pilgrims, there and then
Ordained to do the work of men—
Have seen, in visions of the air,
While pillowed on the breast of prayer
(When now the day began to dip,
The night began to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower),

The Canaan of their wilderness
A boundless empire of success;
And seen the years of future nights
Jewelled with myriad household lights;
And seen the honey fill the hive;
And seen a thousand ships arrive;
And heard the wheels of travel go;
It would have cheered a thought of woe,
When now the day began to dip,
The night began to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower.

ERASTUS WOLCOTT ELLSWORTH.

FIVE KERNELS OF CORN

A THANKSGIVING TRADITION.

I.

'Twas the year of the famine in Plymouth of old,
The ice and the snow from the thatched roofs had rolled,
Through the warm purple skies steered the geese o'er
the seas,

And the woodpeckers tapped in the clocks of the trees;
And the boughs on the slopes to the south winds lay bare,
And dreaming of summer the buds swelled in the air.
The pale Pilgrims welcomed each reddening morn;
There were left but for rations Five Kernels of Corn.

Five Kernels of Corn!

Five Kernels of Corn!

But to Bradford a feast were Five Kernels of Corn!

II.

"Five Kernels of Corn! Five Kernels of Corn!
Ye people, be glad for Five Kernels of Corn!"
So Bradford cried out on bleak Burial Hill,
And the thin women stood in their doors, white and still.
"Lo, the harbor of Plymouth rolls bright in the Spring,
The maples grow red, and the wood robins sing,
The west wind is blowing, and fading the snow,
And the pleasant pines sing, and the arbutuses blow.

Five Kernels of Corn!

Five Kernels of Corn!

To each one be given Five Kernels of Corn!"

III.

O Bradford of Austerfield, haste on thy way.
The west winds are blowing o'er Provincetown Bay,
The white avens bloom, but the pine domes are chill,
And new graves have furrowed Precisioners' Hill!
"Give thanks, all ye people, the warm skies have come,
The hilltops are sunny, and green grows the holm,
And the trumpets of winds, and the white March is gone,
And ye still have left you Five Kernels of Corn.

Five Kernels of Corn!

Five Kernels of Corn!

Ye have for Thanksgiving Five Kernels of Corn!

IV.

"The raven's gift eat and be humble and pray,
A new light is breaking, and Truth leads your way;
One taper a thousand shall kindle: rejoice
That to you has been given the wilderness voice!"
O Bradford of Austerfield, daring the wave,
And safe through the sounding blasts leading the brave,
Of deeds such as thine was the free nation born,
And the festal world sings the "Five Kernels of Corn."

Five Kernels of Corn!

Five Kernels of Corn!

The nation gives thanks for Five Kernels of Corn!
To the Thanksgiving Feast bring Five Kernels of Corn!

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE WORD OF GOD TO LEYDEN CAME

The word of God to Leyden came,
Dutch town by Zuyder Zee:
Rise up, my children of no name,
My kings and priests to be.
There is an empire in the West,
Which I will soon unfold;
A thousand harvests in her breast,
Rocks ribbed with iron and gold.

Rise up, my children, time is ripe!
Old things are passed away.
Bishops and kings from earth I wipe:
Too long they've had their day.
A little ship have I prepared
To bear you o'er the seas;
And in your souls my will declared
Shall grow by slow degrees.

* * * *

Leave, then, the hammer and the loom,
You've other work to do;
For Freedom's commonwealth there's room,
And you shall build it too.
I'm tired of bishops and their pride,
I'm tired of kings as well;
Henceforth I take the people's side,
And with the people dwell.

Tear off the mitre from the priest,
And from the king, his crown;
Let all my captives be released;
Lift up, whom men cast down.

Their pastors let the people choose,
And choose their rulers too;
Whom they select, I'll not refuse,
But bless the work they do.

The Pilgrims rose, at this, God's word,
And sailed the wintry seas:
With their own flesh nor blood conferred,
Nor thought of wealth or ease.
They left the towers of Leyden town,
They left the Zuyder Zee;
And where they cast their anchor down,
Rose Freedom's realm to be.

JEREMIAH EAMES RANKIN.

THE INDIAN'S WELCOME TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Above them spread a stranger sky;
Around, the sterile plain;
The rock-bound coast rose frowning nigh;
Beyond,—the wrathful main:
Chill remnants of the wintry snow
Still choked the encumbered soil,
Yet forth those Pilgrim Fathers go
To mark their future toil.

'Mid yonder vale their corn must rise
In summer's ripening pride,
And there the church spire woo the skies
Its sister-school beside.

Perchance 'mid England's velvet green
Some tender thought reposed,
Though naught upon their stoic mien
Such soft regret disclosed.

When sudden from the forest wide
A red-browed chieftain came,
With towering form, and haughty stride,
And eye like kindling flame:
No wrath he breathed, no conflict sought;
To no dark ambush drew,
But simply to the Old World brought
The welcome of the New.

That welcome was a blast and ban
Upon thy race unborn;
Was there no seer,—thou fated Man!—
Thy lavish zeal to warn?
Thou in thy fearless faith didst hail
A weak, invading band,
But who shall heed thy children's wail
Swept from their native land?

Thou gav'st the riches of thy streams,
The lordship o'er thy waves,
The region of thine infant dreams
And of thy fathers' graves,—
But who to yon proud mansions, piled
With wealth of earth and sea,
Poor outcast from thy forest wild,
Say, who shall welcome thee?

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

HALLOWE'EN

HALLOWE'EN

THE autumn wind—oh, hear it howl!
Without—October's tempests scowl,
As he troops away on the raving wind,
And leaveth dry leaves in his path behind,
Without—without,
Oh, hear him shout,
He is making the old trees bare;
Oh, cruel he,
To the old oak tree
And the garden hedges fair!
Oh, a wild and tyrannous king is he
When he playeth his frolic in every tree
And maketh the forest bare.

I know that a tyrannous rod is his
When he maketh the forest bow;
But worse, far worse are his tyrannies,
For he tameth the spirit now!
Without—without,
Oh, hear him shout,
October is going away!
'Tis the night—the night
Of the grave's delight,
And the warlocks are at their play;
Ye think that without
The wild winds shout,
But no, it is they—it is they.

NOTE.—*Selections suitable for Hallowe'en will be found also under Autumn.*

The Spirits are pulling the sere dry leaves
Of the shadowy forest down;
And howl the gaunt reapers that gather the sheaves,
With the moon o'er their revels to frown.
To-morrow ye'll find all their spoils in your path,
And ye'll speak of the wind and the sky;
But oh, could ye see them to-night in their wrath,
I ween ye'd be frenzied of eye!

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

ALL HALLOW EVE

You wouldn't believe
On All Hallow Eve
What lots of fun we can make,
With apples to bob,
And nuts on the hob,
And a ring-and-thimble cake.

A paper boat
We will set afloat,
And on it write a name;
Then salt we'll burn,
And our fortunes learn
From a flickering candle flame.

Tom said, "When it's dark
We can strike a spark
From the fur of the big black cat."
But I said, "No!
'Twould tease kitty so—
And I love her too much for that."

CAROLYN WELLS.

THE SPELL

At even o' Hallowmas no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hempseed brought.
I scattered round the seed on every side,
And three times three in trembling accents cried:
"This hempseed with my virgin hand I sow;
Who shall my true love be, the crop shall mow."

I pared a pippin round and round again,
My shepherd's name to flourish in the plain;
I flung the unbroken paring o'er my head;
Upon the grass a perfect L was made.

Two hazelnuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,
That in a flame of brightest color blazed.
So may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

JOHN GAY.

HALLOWE'EN

Pixie, kobold, elf, and sprite,
All are on their rounds to-night;
In the wan moon's silver ray,
Thrives their helter-skelter play.

Fond of cellar, barn, or stack,
True unto the almanac,
They present to credulous eyes
Strange hobgoblin mysteries.

Cabbage stumps—straws wet with dew—
Apple-skins, and chestnuts too,
And a mirror for some lass
Show what wonders come to pass.

Doors they move, and gates they hide;
Mischiefs that on moonbeams ride
Are their deeds—and, by their spells,
Love records its oracles.

Don't we all, of long ago,
By the ruddy fireplace glow,
In the kitchen and the hall,
Those queer, cooflike pranks recall?

Eery shadows were they then—
But to-night they come again;
Were we once more but sixteen,
Precious would be Hallowe'en.

JOEL BENTON.

HALLOWE'EN

Awake, arise, you dead men all—dead women waken
you,
The hunter's moon is in the sky—her cruse of frosty
dew
Earth empties; throw your covers off, of grave grass, rank
and green;
This is the dead men's holiday, 'tis Hallows e'en.

The mother with her buried child falls into tender play,
The baby at her shrouded breast sucks soft and sleeps
away,
The lover dead twelve years ago, seeks out his buried dear
That put her broken heart to sleep but yesteryear.

“Behold, my love, my hair is black, your bonny hair is white.

How come my darling’s eyes so dim?” “With weeping many a night,

With sewing many a weary day through years that knew not you.

But I have done with rosemary and bitter rue.

“My garland of dry rosemary hangs where I used to pray,

My garden with its tansy flowers runs wild for many a day;

The box plants that I tended well the passing children pull—

The green leaves strew the way they go, slow foot to school.

“And I have done with lessons now, have said my task all through,

And I may rest at last, sweetheart, as once I played with you.”

He kisses her, he blesses her, he strokes her faded hair—
She never was so dear to him when she was fair.

Brother and sister parted long by bitter words and blind
Forget the years of severed ways with old love in their minds.

The beggar that of hunger died, the girl that died of shame,
Are playing with dead children now some childish game.

Husband and wife forget the wrong that kept their souls apart—

Hand lies in hand as tenderly as heart beats upon heart.

This is the day for buried love to see as it is seen,

This is the dead men’s holiday—All Hallows e’en.

NORA HOPPER.

INAUGURATION DAY

INAUGURATION DAY

ON this great day a child of time and fate
On a new path of power doth stand and wait.

Tho heavy-burdened, shall his heart rejoice,
Dowered with a nation's faith, an empire's choice.

Who hath no strength but that the people give,
And in their wills alone, his will doth live.

On this one day, this, this, is their one man,—
The well-beloved, the chief American!

Whose people are his brothers, fathers, sons:
In this his strength, and not a million guns.

Whose power is mightier than the mightiest crown,
Because that soon he lays that power down.

Whose wish, linked to the people's, shall exceed
The force of civic wrong and banded greed.

Whose voice, in friendship or in warning heard,
Brings to the nations a free people's word;

And, where the oppressed out from the darkness grope,
'Tis as the voice of freedom and of hope.

Oh, pray that he may rightly rule the State,
And grow, in truly serving, truly great.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we
sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exult-
ing,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the
shores acrowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

NOTE.—See also *Emancipation Day*.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN*

Not as when some great Captain falls,
In battle, where his Country calls,
 Beyond the struggling lines
 That push his dread designs

To doom, by some stray ball struck dead:
Or, in the last charge, at the head
 Of his determined men,
 Who *must* be victors then.

Nor as when sink the civic great,
The safer pillars of the State,
 Whose calm, mature, wise words
 Suppress the need of swords.

With no such tears as e'er were shed
Above the noblest of our dead
 Do we to-day deplore
 The Man that is no more.

Our sorrow hath a wider scope,
Too strange for fear, too vast for hope,
 A wonder, blind and dumb,
 That waits—what is to come!

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RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

*From "Poems by Richard Henry Stoddard," copyright, 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN*

This man whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful, great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won,
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.
Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.
Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,
The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.
Hold, warriors, councillors, kings! All now give place
To this dead Benefactor of the race!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Some opulent force of genius, soul, and race,
Some deep life-current from far centuries
Flowed to his mind, and lighted his sad eyes,
And gave his name, among great names, high place.

But these are miracles we may not trace—
Nor say why from a source and lineage mean
He rose to grandeur never dreamt or seen,
Or told on the long scroll of history's space.

*From "Poems by Richard Henry Stoddard," copyright, 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The tragic fate of one broad hemisphere
Fell on stern days to his supreme control,
All that the world and liberty held dear
Pressed like a nightmare on his patient soul.
Martyr beloved, on whom, when life was done,
Fame looked, and saw another Washington!

JOEL BENTON.

ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This bronze doth keep the very form and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength—his pure and mighty heart.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

LINCOLN

From the "Commemoration Ode."

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote.
For him her Old-World molds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind; '
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined.
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MAY DAY

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON

I N the merrie moneth of Maye,
In a morne by break of daye,
With a troupe of damsells playing,
Forth I yode forsooth a-maying;

Where anon by a wood side,
Whenas Maye was in his pride,
I espiéd all alone
Phillida and Corydon.

Much adoe there was, God wot;
He wold love, and she wold not.
She sayde never man was trewe;
He sayes none was false to you.

He sayde hee had lovde her longe;
She sayes love should have no wronge.
Corydon wold kisse her then;
She sayes maids must kisse no men,

Tyll they doe for good and all,
When she made the shepperde call
All the heavens to wytnes truthe,
Never loved a truer youthe.

NOTE.—*Selections suitable for May Day will be found also under Spring and Flower Day.*

Then with many a prettie othe,
Yea and naye, and faithe and trothe—
Such as seelie shepperdes use
When they will not love abuse—

Love, that had bene long deluded,
Was with kisses sweete concluded;
And Phillida with garlands gaye
Was made the ladye of the Maye.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

FROM "THE MAY QUEEN"

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother
dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest, merriest
day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and gar-
lands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you 'ill be there, too, mother, to see me made the
Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

GOING A-MAYING

Get up, get up for shame! the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn:
 See how Aurora throws her fair
 Fresh-quilted colors through the air:
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
 The dew-bespangled herb and tree!
Each flower has wept and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you not drest,
 Nay, not so much as out of bed!
 When all the birds have matins said
 And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

* * * * * * *

There's not a budding boy or girl this day,
But is got up and gone to bring in May.
 A deal of youth ere this is come
 Back and with white-thorn laden home.
 Some have despatched their cakes and cream,
 Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
 Many a green-gown has been given,
 Many a kiss, both odd and even:
 Many a glance too has been sent
 From out the eye, love's firmament:
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked: yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time!
 We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty.

Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun.
And, as a vapor or a drop of rain,
Once lost can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.
ROBERT HERRICK.

KITCHEN MAY-DAY SONG

Remember us poor Mayers all!
And thus do we begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

We have been rambling all the night,
And almost all the day,
And now returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower,
We are here to-day and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in an hour.

The moon shines bright and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May!

OLD BALLAD.

PATRIOTS' DAY

LEXINGTON

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.
Waving her golden veil
Over the silent dale,
Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire;
Hushed was his parting sigh,
While from his noble eye
Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing
Calmly the first-born of glory have met;
Hark! the death-volley around them is ringing!
Look! with their life-blood the young grass is wet!
Faint is the feeble breath,
Murmuring low in death,
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died;"
Nerveless the iron hand,
Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

NOTE.—*Selections suitable for Patriots' Day will be found also under Bunker Hill Day, Independence Day, and Washington's Birthday.*

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come;
As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
Fast on the soldier's path
Darken the waves of wrath,—
Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall.
Red glares the musket's flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again;
Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,
Reeking and panting he droops on the rein;
Pale is the lip of scorn,
Voiceless the trumpet horn,
Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high;
Many a belted breast
Low on the turf shall rest
Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale;
Far as the tempest thrills
Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
Roused by the tyrant band,
Woke all the mighty land,
Girded for battle from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
Shrouded and tombless they sunk to their rest,
While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
Borne on her Northern pine,
Long o'er the foaming brine
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea
Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

CARMEN BELLICOSUM

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the isles,
From the smoky night-encampment, bore the banner
of the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of
the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;

And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
 Blazed the fires;
 As the roar
 Of the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
 Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gun-powder,
 Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
 Cannoneers;
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
 Round their ears;
 As the swift
 Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
 On our flanks:
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
 Through the ranks!

Then the bare-headed Colonel
Galoped through the white infernal
 Powder-cloud;
And his broadsword was swinging
And his brazen throat was ringing
 Trumpet-loud.
 Then the blue
 Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
 Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,
 Hurling Death!

GUY HUMPHREYS McMASTER.

CONCORD HYMN

Sung at the completion of the Battle Monument, April
19, 1836.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
 We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
 When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit that made those heroes dare
 To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
 The shaft we raise to them and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

SEVENTY-SIX

What heroes from the woodland sprung,
 When, through the fresh-awakened land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung
And to the work of warfare strung
 The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
Pealed far away the startling sound
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain-river swift and cold;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold,—

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And, from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair fond bride of yestereve,
And aged sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors haste away,
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;
Already blood, on Concord's plain,
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flowed at Lexington,
Like brooks of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal sward
Hallowed to freedom all the shore;
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
The footstep of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN

O H, St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher;
His mother was a Brady;
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy;
His uncle an O'Grady.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a Saint so clever;
Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them forever!

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;
But there's a hill, much bigger still,
Much higher nor them both, sir.
'Twas on the top of this high hill
St. Patrick preached his sarmint
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the varmint.

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle
Where dirty varmin musters,
But there he put his dear fore-foot,
And murdered them in clusters.

The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,
Slap-dash into the water;
And the snakes committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter.

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue
He charmed with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloe
In soups and second courses.
Where blind worms crawling in the grass
Disgusted all the nation,
He gave them a rise, which opened their eyes
To a sense of their situation.

Oh, was I but so fortunate
As to be back in Munster,
'Tis I'd be bound that from that ground
I nevermore would once stir.
For there St. Patrick planted turf,
And plenty of the praties,
With pigs galore, ma gra, ma 'store,
And cabbages—and ladies!
Then my blessing on St. Patrick's fist,
For he's the darling Saint, O!
Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a twist;
He's a beauty without paint, O!

HENRY BENNETT.

THE BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
That Saint Pathrick at midnight he first saw the day;
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake, between midnight and morn;
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the babby—and some blamed the clock—
Till with all their cross-questions sure no one could know
If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction-fight in ould Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of St. Pathrick's birthday;
Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more would die,
And who wouldn't see right, sure they blacken'd his eye!
At last, both the factions so positive grew,
That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two,
Till Father Mulcahy, who show'd them their sins,
Said, "No one could have two birthdays, but a twins."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fightin' for eight or for nine,
Don't be always dividin'—but sometimes combine;
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,
So let that be his birthday,"—"Amen," says the clerk.
"If he wasn't a twins, sure our hist'ry will show
That, at least, he's worth any two saints that we know!"
Then they all got blind dhrunk—which complated their bliss,
And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE SHAMROCK

When April rains make flowers bloom
And Johnny-jump-ups come to light,
And clouds of color and perfume
Float from the orchards pink and white,
I see my shamrock in the rain,
An emerald spray with raindrops set,
Like jewels on Spring's coronet,
So fair, and yet it breathes of pain.

The shamrock on an older shore
Sprang from a rich and sacred soil
Where saint and hero lived of yore,
And where their sons in sorrow toil;
And here, transplanted, it to me
Seems weeping for the soil it left:
The diamonds that all others see
Are tears drawn from its heart bereft.

When April rain makes flowers grow
And sparkles on their tiny buds
That in June nights will over-blow
And fill the world with scented floods,
The lonely shamrock in our land—
So fine among the clover leaves—
For the old spring times often grieves,—
I feel its tears upon my hand.

MAURICE DE GUERIN.

ST. PATRICK

A fig for St. Denis of France,
 He's a trumpery fellow to brag on;
A fig for St. George and his lance,
 Which spitted a heathenish dragon;
And the saints of the Welshman or Scot
 Are a couple of pitiful pipers,
Both of whom may just travel to pot,
 Compared to the patron of swipers,
 St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear.

He came to the Emerald Isle
 On a lump of a paving-stone mounted;
The steamboat he beat to a mile,
 Which mighty good sailing was counted.
Says he, "The salt water I think
 Has made me most bloodily thirsty,
So bring me a flagon of drink
 To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ye,
 Of drink that is fit for a saint."

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You've heard, I suppose, long ago,
 How the snakes in a manner most antic
He marched to the County Mayo,
 And tumbled them into the Atlantic.
Hence not to use water for drink
 The people of Ireland determine;
With mighty good reason, I think,
 Since St. Patrick has filled it with vermin,
 And vipers, and other such stuff.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN

O Paddy dear! an' did ye hear the news that's goin' round?
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground!
No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep, his color can't be seen,
For there's a cruel law agin the wearin' o' the green!
I met wid Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor Ould Ireland, and how does
she stand?"

She's the most disthressful country that iver yet was seen,
For they're hangin' men and women there for wearin' o'
the green.

An' if the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed;
Then pull the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on
the sod,—
And never fear, 'twill take root there, tho' under foot 'tis
trod!
When law can stop the blades of grass from growin' as
they grow,
And when the leaves in summer-time their color dare not
show,
Then I will change the color, too, I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to wearin' o' the
green.

OLD BALLAD.

THE IRISHMAN

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air;
Then well may Erin's sons adore
The isle which Nature formed so fair.
What flood reflects a shore so sweet
As Shannon great or pastoral Bann?
Or who a friend or foe can meet
So generous as an Irishman?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But honesty is still his guide;
None more repents a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride;
He may be duped, but won't be dared,
More fit to practise than to plan;
He dearly earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor, for you he'll pay,
And guide to where you safe may be;
If you're his guest, while e'er you stay
His cottage holds a jubilee.
His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he may your secrets scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound in woe and weal,
Whate'er she bids, he dares to do;
Try him with bribes, they won't prevail;
Prove him in fire, you'll find him true.
He seeks not safety,—let his post
Be where it ought, in danger's van:
And if the field of fame be lost,
It won't be by an Irishman.

JAMES ORR.

CUSHLA-MA-CHREE *

Dear Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,
An emerald set in the ring of the sea,
Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
Thou Queen of the West, the world's *cushla-ma-chree*.
Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger,
There smiles hospitality, hearty and free;
Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
And the wanderer is welcomed with *cushla-ma-chree*.

Thy sons they are brave, but, the battle once over,
In brotherly peace with their foes they agree,
And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover
The soul-speaking flush that says *cushla-ma-chree*.
Then flourish forever, my dear native Erin,
While sadly I wander an exile from thee,
And firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,
May Heaven defend its own *cushla-ma-chree*.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

THE FIGHTING RACE

“Read out the names!” and Burke sat back,
And Kelly drooped his head,
While Shea—they call him Scholar Jack—
Went down the list of the dead.
Officers, seamen, gunners, marines,
The crews of the gig and yawl,
The bearded man and the lad in his teens,
Carpenters, coal passers—all.

* *Cushla-ma-chree*, pulse of my heart.

Then, knocking the ashes from out his pipe,
 Said Burke in an offhand way:
 "We're all in that dead man's list, by Cripe!
 Kelly and Burke and Shea."
 "Well here's to the *Maine*, and I'm sorry for Spain,"
 Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.
 "Wherever there's Kellys there's trouble," said Burke.
 "Wherever fighting's the game,
 Or a spice of danger in grown man's work,"
 Said Kelly, "you'll find my name."
 "And do we fall short," said Burke, getting mad,
 "When it's touch and go for life?"
 Said Shea: "It's thirty odd years, bedad,
 Since I charged to drum and fife
 Up Marye's Heights, and my old canteen
 Stopped a rebel ball on its way.
 There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green—
 Kelly and Burke and Shea—
 And the dead didn't brag." "Well, here's to the flag!"
 Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.
 "I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place,"
 Said Burke, "that we'd die by right,
 In the cradle of our soldier race,
 After one good stand-up fight.
 My grandfather fell on Vinegar Hill,
 And fighting was not his trade;
 But his rusty pike's in the cabin still,
 With Hessian blood on the blade."
 "Aye, aye," said Kelly, "the pikes were great
 When the word was 'Clear the way!'
 We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight—
 Kelly and Burke and Shea."
 "Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"
 Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy,
Said: "We were at Ramillies;
We left our bones at Fontenoy
And up in the Pyrenees;
Before Dunkirk, on Landen's plain,
Cremona, Lille, and Ghent;
We're all over Austria, France, and Spain,
Wherever they pitched a tent.
We've died for England from Waterloo
To Egypt and Dargai;
And still there's enough for a corps or crew,
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to good honest fighting blood!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh, the fighting races don't die out,
If they seldom die in bed,
For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,"
Said Burke; then Kelly said:
"When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands,
The angel with the sword,
And the battle-dead from a hundred lands
Are ranged in one big horde,
Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,
Will stretch three deep that day,
From Jehoshaphat to the Golden Gates—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

SONG

GOOD MORROW, 'tis St. Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

TO ST. VALENTINE

St. Valentine, though wide your fame,
You don't deserve your pious name,
And this the reason of my plaint—
Your conduct misbefits a saint.

From youthtime up to middle age
I've catered for your patronage,
But ever since we've been acquaint
You haven't acted like a saint.

For when comes round, as fixed as fate,
The day which you appropriate,
You give me cause for new complaint
In manner most unlike a saint.

I long have sued for Mabel's smiles
And yielded to her costly wiles,
But ardent lines or baubles quaint
Alike are spurned,—ungrateful saint!

Your halo's rimmed with many a dart;
Your symbol is a wounded heart;
Fond swains you lure with artful feint;
Such actions don't become a saint.

Your name no longer should appear
In saintly calendar 'tis clear,
For I affirm, without restraint,
You're more a sinner than a saint.

JENNIE BETTS HARTSWICK.

VALENTINE'S DAY

Oh! I wish I were a tiny brown bird from out the South,
Settled among the alder-holts, and twittering by the
stream;
I would put my tiny tail down, and put up my tiny mouth,
And sing my tiny life away in one melodious dream.

I would sing about the blossoms, and the sunshine and
the sky,
And the tiny wife I mean to have in such a cosy nest;
And if some one came and shot me dead, why then I could
but die,
With my tiny life and tiny song just ended at their
best.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

VALENTINE VERSES

My patron saint, St. Valentine,
Why dost thou leave me to repine,
Still supplicating at her shrine?

But bid her eyes to me incline—
I'll ask no other sun to shine—
More rich than is Golconda's mine.

Range all that woman, song, or wine
Can give; wealth, power, and fame combine;—
For her I'd gladly all resign.

Take all the pearls are in the brine,
Sift heaven for stars; earth's flowers entwine—
But be her heart my Valentine.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

A VALENTINE

O little loveliest lady mine,
What shall I send for your valentine?
Summer and flowers are far away;
Gloomy old Winter is king to-day;
Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine:
What shall I do for a valentine?

I've searched the gardens all through and through
For a bud to tell of my love so true;
But buds are asleep and blossoms are dead,
And the snow beats down on my poor little head:
So, little loveliest lady mine,
Here is my heart for your valentine!

LAURA ELIZABETH RICHARDS.

VALENTINE

I would I were the little flower
That springeth in thy path;
Its life is one of happiness,
A happy death it hath.

You love it, pluck it, to your lips
You press the modest eyes,
It closes them and falls asleep:
That kiss is paradise.

Oh, make me, Sweet, thy valentine,
Or I that flower shall prove
Which rude winds shatter, pitiless,
And no lips love.

CHARLES G. BLANDEN.

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON.

SAN JACINTO DAY*

THE FIGHT AT SAN JACINTO

“NOW for a brisk and a cheerful fight!”
Said Harman, big and droll,
As he coaxed his flint and steel for a light,
And puffed at his cold clay bowl;
“For we are a skulking lot,” says he,
“Of land-thieves hereabout,
And the bold señores, two to one,
Have come to smoke us out.”

Santa Anna and Castrillon,
Almontê brave and gay,
Portilla red from Goliad,
And Cos with his smart array.
Dulces and cigaritos,
And the light guitar, ting-tum!
Sant’ Anna courts siesta—
And Sam Houston taps his drum.

* * * * *

A soft, low tap, and a muffled tap,
And a roll not loud nor long—
We would not break Sant’ Anna’s nap,
Nor spoil Almontê’s song.
Saddles and knives and rifles!
Lord! but the men were glad
When Deaf Smith muttered “Alamo!”
And Karnes hissed “Goliad!”

*Also Texas Independence Day. See Appendix.

The drummer tucked his sticks in his belt,
And the fifer gripped his gun.
Oh, for one free, wild Texan yell,
And we took the slope in a run!
But never a shout nor a shot we spent,
Nor an oath nor a prayer that day,
Till we faced the bravos, eye to eye,
And then we blazed away.

Then we knew the rapture of Ben Milam,
And the glory that Travis made,
With Bowie's lunge and Crockett's shot,
And Fannin's dancing blade;
And the heart of the fighter, bounding free
In his joy so hot and mad—
When Millard charged for Alamo,
Lamar for Goliad.

Deaf Smith rode straight, with reeking spur,
Into the shock and rout:
"I've hacked and burned the bayou bridge,
There's no sneak's back-way out!"
Muzzle or butt for Goliad,
Pistol and blade and fist!
Oh, for the knife that never glanced,
And the gun that never missed!

Dulces and cigaritos,
Song and the mandolin!
That gory swamp was a gruesome grove
To dance fandangoes in.
We bridged the bog with the sprawling herd
That fell in that frantic rout;
We slew and slew till the sun set red,
And the Texan star flashed out.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

GREAT AMERICANS

LIFE

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time:—

Footprints that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

GREAT AMERICANS

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

Born at Germantown, Pa., Nov. 29, 1832; died at Boston, Mass., March 6, 1888. A popular writer of children's stories.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

AS the wind at play with a spark
Of fire that glows through the night,
As the speed of the soaring lark
That wings to the sky his flight,
So swiftly thy soul has sped
On its upward, wonderful way,
Like the lark when the dawn is red,
In search of the shining day.

Thou art not with the frozen dead
Whom earth in the earth we lay,
While the bearers softly tread,
And the mourners kneel and pray;
From thy semblance, dumb and stark,
The soul has taken its flight—
Out of the finite dark,
Into the Infinite Light.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., March 8, 1887. A noted Congregationalist clergyman, lecturer, reformer, and author.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

His tongue was touched with sacred fire,
He could not rest, he must speak out,
When Liberty lay stabbed, and doubt
Stalked through the night in vestments dire,—

When slaves uplifted manacled hands,
Praying in agony and despair,
And answer came not anywhere,
But gloom through all the stricken lands,—

His voice for freedom instant rang.
“For shame!” he cried; “spare thou the rod;
All men are free before their God!”
The dragon answered with its fang.

’Tis brave to face embrasured death
Hot belching from the cannon’s mouth,
Yet brave it is, for North or South,
And Truth, to face the mob’s mad breath.

So spake he then,—he and the few
Who prized their manhood more than praise;
Their faith failed not of better days
After the nights of bloody dew.

England's great heart misunderstood:
 She looked upon her child askance;
 But heard his words and lowered her lance,
Remembering her motherhood.

Majestic Liberty, serene
 Thou frontest on the chaste white seal!
 Quench thou awhile thy torch, for he
Lies dead on whom thou once didst lean.

Thy cause was ever his,—the slave
 In any fetters was his friend;
 His warfare never knew an end;
Wherever men lay bound he clave.

CHARLES HENRY PHELPS.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.

Born at West Brownsville, Pa., Jan. 31, 1830; died at Washington, D. C., Jan. 27, 1893. An American statesman, and unsuccessful candidate of the Republican party for President in 1884.

BLAINE OF MAINE

(On his nomination by the Republican Convention in Chicago, June 6, 1884.)

Lashed to his flagship's mast,
 Old Farragut, through iron-guarded bays,
Through fleets of fire, through batteries ablaze,
 By shot and shell harassed,
While wreck and ruin seemed to block his way,
And splintered spars spread sprinkling on the spray,
Guiding his fleet throughout the frightful fray,
 Into the harbor passed;
 And sullen forts grew calm and still
 Beneath the victor's iron will,
Subdued and crushed at last.

O Blaine! amid the glare
Of party ruin, take the ship of state;
We bind thee to its mast, thou statesman great;
 And thine must be the care
To guide it on through rocks and reefs that vex
The changing channel with a thousand wrecks.
And though the surge shall sweep its sacred decks,
 We know thou wilt not spare
Thy efforts to conduct it by
The rocks and reefs that seem to lie
 Around it everywhere.

IRONCUILL.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Born at Boston, Dec. 13, 1835; died there, Jan. 23, 1893. A bishop of the Episcopal church and noted pulpit orator.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

Perhaps we did not know how much of God
Was walking with us.

Surely not forlorn
Are men, when such great overflow of heaven
Brings down the light of the eternal morn
Into the earth's deep shadows, where they plod,
The slaves of sorrow.

Something of divine
Was in his nature, open to the source
Of love, that master of primeval force,
As, answering freshly their unfailing sign,
To the early and the latter rain the sod
Lies bare, and drinking in by morn and even
The precious dews that lift it into flower
Distilled again in fragrance every hour.

I think if Jesus, whom he loved as Lord,
Were here again, in such guise might He go,
So bind all creeds as with a golden cord,
So with the saint speak, with the sinner so.
And then remembering all the torrent's rush
Of praise and blessing o'er the listening hush,
Remembering the lightning of the glance,
Remembering the lifted countenance
White with the prophet's glory that it wore,
With the Holy Spirit shining through the clay,
Prophet—yea, I say unto you and more
Than a prophet was with us but yesterday.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

Fallen that mighty form,
 Silent the voice
That through the sin and storm
 Made men rejoice.

Not alone Friendship stands
 Mute and forlorn—
Over all English lands
 Myriads mourn.

Soldier, as one he fought
 Loving the strife;
Teacher, a truth he taught
 Radiant with life.

The narrow bounds he burst
 Of creed and clan,
Seeing in sinner first
 Brother and man;

Kept through maturer might
 Fervor of youth;
Saw through the smoke of rite
 The Sun of Truth;

Let faded dogmas drop,
 Sure of the Soul—
Fearless that Doubt would stop
 Man from his goal;

Drew from the dust and weeds
 Lessons of Love
Sown in our earthly needs,
 Garnered above;

Saw in the stars and sea
 Symbols sublime,
Gleams of Eternity,
 Hopes beyond Time;

Heard heavenly whisperings
 Where'er he trod,
Felt through the frame of things
 The pulse of God.

O dying century, test
 Thy sons and say,
"My bravest, truest, best,
 I lose this day!"

JOHN HALL INGHAM.

JOHN BROWN.

Born at Torrington, Conn., May 9, 1800; executed at Charlestown, Va., Dec. 2, 1859. A celebrated American abolitionist. On the night of Oct. 16, 1859, he seized the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Va., at the head of a small band of followers, with a view to arming the negroes and inciting a servile insurrection. He was captured Oct. 18, tried by the commonwealth of Virginia, and hanged Dec. 2.

In addition to the poem given, "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry," by Ernest Clarence Stedman, should be consulted. Its length prevented its inclusion here.

BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE

John Brown of Ossawatimie spake on his dying day:
"I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in Slavery's
pay;
But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven to
free,
With her children, from the gallows-stair put up a prayer
for me!"

John Brown of Ossawatimie, they led him out to die;
And lo! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed
nigh:
Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old, harsh
face grew mild,
As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the
negro's child!

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart;
And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the loving
heart.

That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the good
intent,
And round the grisly fighter's hair the martyr's aureole
bent!

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good!
Long live the generous purpose unstained with human
blood!

Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought which
underlies;

Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Christian's
sacrifice.

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the Northern rifle hear,
Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on the negro's
spear.

But let the free-winged angel Truth their guarded passes
scale,

To teach that right is more than might, and justice more
than mail!

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array;
In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter snow
with clay!

She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares not harm
the dove;

And every gate she bars to Hate shall open wide to Love!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Born at Cummington, Mass., Nov. 3, 1794; died at New York City, June 12, 1878. A noted American poet.

BRYANT DEAD

Lo! there he lies, our Patriarch Poet, dead!
The solemn angel of eternal peace
Has waved a wand of mystery o'er his head,
Touched his strong heart, and bade his pulses cease.

Behold in marble quietude he lies!
Pallid and cold, divorced from earthly breath,
With tranquil brow, lax hands, and dreamless eyes,
Yet the closed lips would seem to smile at death.

Well may they smile; for death, to such as he,
Brings purer freedom, loftier thought and aim;
And, in grand truce with immortality,
Lifts to song's fadeless heaven his star-like fame!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

JOHN BURNS.

Born at Burlington, N. J., Sept. 5, 1793; died at Gettysburg, Pa., Feb. 7, 1872. He was one of the first to volunteer in the War of 1812, and served also through the Mexican War. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he volunteered again, but was rejected on account of his age. He thereupon went with the army as a teamster, but was finally sent home to Gettysburg. The part he played in the great battle fought there, July 1, 2, and 3, 1863, is told in the following poem.

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG

Have you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well:
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:
He was the fellow who won renown,—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,—
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;

Or I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell like a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood!
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine,—
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folks say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heady fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass,—
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left—where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept—
Round-shot ploughed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
The brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely, stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient, long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron,—but his best;
And, buttoned over his manly breast,
Was a bright blue coat with a rolling collar.
And large gilt buttons,—size of a dollar,—
With tails that the country-folk called “swaller.”
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the “quiltings” long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—
Clerks that the Home-Guard mustered in,—
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy repertoire:
“How are you, White Hat?” “Put her through!”
“Your head’s level!” and “Bully for you!”
Called him “Daddy,”—begged he’d disclose
The name of his tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer or scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off,—
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crowned hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand,
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest :
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge and ran.
At which John Burns—a practical man—
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns;
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather.

BRET HARTE.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Born at or near Genoa, Italy, probably in 1446; died at Valladolid, Spain, May 30 or 31, 1506. The discoverer of America, October 22, 1492.

COLUMBUS*

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
 Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
 For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
 "Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
 My men grow ghastly wan, and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
 Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
 'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
 Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead.

* From Joaquin Miller's "Complete Poetical Works," by permission of the publishers, The Whitaker & Ray Company.

These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He lifts his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

COLUMBUS

St. Stephen's cloistered hall was proud
In learning's pomp that day,
For there a robed and stately crowd
Pressed on in long array.
A mariner with simple chart
Confronts that conclave high,
While strong ambition stirs his heart,
And burning thoughts of wonder part
From lip and sparkling eye.

What hath he said? With frowning face,
In whispered tones they speak,
And lines upon their tablets trace,
Which flush each ashen cheek;
The Inquisition's mystic doom
Sits on their brows severe,
And bursting forth in visioned gloom,
Sad heresy from burning tomb
Groans on the startled ear.

Courage, thou Genoese! Old Time
Thy splendid dream shall crown;
Yon Western Hemisphere sublime,
Where unshorn forests frown,
The awful Andes' cloud-wrapt brow,
The Indian hunter's bow,
Bold streams untamed by helm or prow,
And rocks of gold and diamonds, thou
To thankless Spain shalt show.

Courage, World-finder! Thou hast need!
In Fate's unfolding scroll
Dark woes and ingrate wrongs I read,
That rack the noble soul.
On! on! Creation's secrets probe,
Then drink thy cup of scorn,
And wrapped in fallen Cæsar's robe,
Sleep like that master of the globe,
All glorious, — yet forlorn.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

COLUMBUS

How in Heaven's name did Columbus get over
Is a pure wonder to me, I protest;
Cabot, and Raleigh too, that well-read rover,
Frobisher, Dampier, Drake, and the rest.

Bad enough all the same,
For them that after came,
But, in great Heaven's name,
How *he* should ever think
That on the other brink

Of this wild waste, terra firma should be,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

How a man ever should hope to get thither,
E'en if he knew that there was another side;
But to suppose he should come any whither,
Sailing straight on into chaos untried,—

In spite of the motion
Across the whole ocean,
To stick to the notion
That in some nook or bend
Of a sea without end

He should find North and South America,
Was a pure madness, indeed I must say.

What if wise men had, as far back as Ptolemy,
Judged that the earth like an orange was round,
None of them ever said, "Come along, follow me,
Sail to the West and the East will be found."

Many a day before
Ever they'd come ashore,
Sadder and wiser men,
They'd have turned back again;

And that *he* did not, but did cross the sea,
Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

GEORGE DEWEY.

Born at Montpelier, Vt., Dec. 26, 1837. Admiral in U. S. Navy. Served through Civil War. On May 1, 1898, in Manila Bay, in command of the American Asiatic squadron, he completely destroyed the Spanish squadron of sixteen vessels, without the loss of a man on the American side.

DEWEY IN MANILA BAY

He took a thousand islands and he didn't lose a man
 (Raise your heads and cheer him as he goes!)
He licked the sneaky Spaniard till the fellow cut and ran,
 For fighting's part of what a Yankee knows.

He fought 'em and he licked 'em, without any fuss or flam
 (It was only his profession for to win),
He sank their boats beneath 'em, and he spared 'em as they
 swam,
And then he sent his ambulances in.

He had no word to cheer him and had no bands to play,
 He had no crowds to make his duty brave;
But he risked the deep torpedoes at the breaking of the day,
 For he knew he had our self-respect to save.

He flew the angry signal crying justice for the *Maine*,
 He flew it from his flagship as he fought.
He drove the tardy vengeance in the very teeth of Spain,
 And he did it just because he thought he ought.

He busted up their batteries and sank eleven ships
 (He knew what he was doing, every bit);
He set the Maxims going like a hundred cracking whips,
 And every shot that crackled was a hit.

He broke 'em and he drove 'em, and he didn't care at all,
 He only liked to do as he was bid;
He crumpled up their squadron and their batteries and all,—
 He knew he had to lick 'em and he did.

And when the thing was finished and they flew the frightened flag,
 He slung his guns and sent his foot ashore,
And he gathered in their wounded, and he quite forgot to brag,
 For he thought he did his duty, nothing more.

Oh, he took a thousand islands and he didn't lose a man—
 (Raise your heads and cheer him as he goes!)
He licked the sneaky Spaniard till the fellow cut and ran,
 For fighting's part of what a Yankee knows!

R. V. RISLEY.

MANILA BAY

The first great fight of the war is fought!
 And who is the victor,—say,—
Is there aught of the lesson now left untaught
 By the fight of Manila Bay?

Two by two were the Spanish ships
 Formed in their battle line;
 Their flags at the taffrail, peak and fore,
 And batt'ries ready upon the shore,
 Silently biding their time.

Into their presence sailed our fleet,—
The harbor was fully mined,—
With shotted guns and open ports
Up to their ships,—ay,—up to their forts;
For Dewey is danger-blind.

Signalled the flagship, "Open fire,"
And the guns belched forth their death.
"At closer range," was the order shown;
Then each ship sprang to claim her own,
And to lick her fiery breath.

Served were our squadron's heavy guns
With gunners stripped to the waist,
And the blinding, swirling, sulph'rous smoke
Enveloped the ships, as each gun spoke,
In its furious, fearful haste.

Sunk and destroyed were the Spanish ships,
Hulled by our heavy shot,
For the Yankee spirit is just the same,
And the Yankee grit and the Yankee aim,
And their courage which faileth not.

The first great fight of the war is fought,
And who is the victor,—say,—
Is there aught of the lesson now left untaught
By the fight of Manila Bay?

H. E. W., JR.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Born at Boston, Mass., May 25, 1803; died at Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882. A famous American essayist and poet.

EMERSON

We took it to the woods, we two,
The book well worn and brown,
To read his words where stirring leaves
Rained their soft shadows down.

Yet as we sat and breathed the scene,
We opened not a page;
Enough that he was with us there,
Our silent, friendly sage!

His fresh "Rhodora" bloomed again;
His "Humble-bee" buzzed near;
And oh, the "Wood-notes" beautiful
He taught our souls to hear.

So our unopened book we read;
And so, in restful mood,
We and our poet, arm in arm,
Went sauntering through the wood.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

EMERSON

Voice of the deeps thou art! But not the wild,
Ungoverned mouthing of the wind-lashed waves;
Nor yet the dirge of billows over graves,
But crooning, like a mother o'er her child.
Through thee gross earth with heaven is reconciled,
Thy songs, like anthems through cathedral naves,
Dispel confusing passion; never raves
The storm along thy cloister undefiled.

Light of the deeps thou art! As forth I glide,
From rock and whirlpool far, and tempest's roar,
Sudden there looms an ever verdurous shore,
Whose towers in the still waves stand glorified,
Where thou, the Virgil, who hast been my guide,
Lead'st me and leav'st me rapt, at Heaven's door!

CRAVEN LANGSTROTH BETTS.

EDWARD EVERETT.

Born at Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794; died at Boston, Jan. 15, 1865. A celebrated American statesman and orator.

EVERETT

So fell our statesman—for he stood sublime
On that proud pedestal, a people's heart—
As when some image, through the touch of time,
That long was revered in the public mart;
As some tall clock-tower, that was wont to tell
The hour of duty to the young and olden,
With tongue most musical of every bell,
Bends to its base, and is no more beholden!

So fell our Everett: more like some great elm,
Lord of the grove, but something set apart,
That all the tempests could not overwhelm,
Nor all the winters of his seventy years,
But on some peaceful midnight bursts his heart.
And in the morning men behold the wreck,
(Some with gray hairs, who cannot hold their tears),
But in the giant timber find no speck
Nor unsound spot, but only wholesome wood.

No secret worm consuming at the core
The stem that ever seemed so fair and good;
And aged men that knew the tree of yore
When but a sapling, promising full well,
Say to each other: "This majestic plant
Came to its full growth; it made no idle vaunt;
From its own weight, without a flaw, it fell!"

THOMAS W. PARSONS.

DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT.

Born at Campbell's Station, Tenn., July 5, 1801; died at Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 14, 1870. A famous American admiral.

FARRAGUT

MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864.

Farragut, Farragut,
Old Heart of Oak,
Daring Dave Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke,
Watches the hoary mist
Lift from the bay,
Till his flag, glory-kissed,
Greets the young day.

Far, by gray Morgan's walls,
Looms the black fleet.
Hark, deck to rampart calls
With the drums' beat!
Buoy your chains overboard,
While the steam hums;
Men! to the battlement,
Farragut comes.

See, as the hurricane
Hurtles in wrath
Squadrons of clouds amain
Back from its path!
Back to the parapet,
To the guns' lips,
Thunderbolt Farragut
Hurls the black ships.

Lashed to the mast that sways
 Over red decks,
Over the flame that plays
 Round the torn wrecks,
Over the dying lips
 Framed for a cheer,
Farragut leads his ships,
 Guides the line clear.

On by heights cannon-browed,
 While the spars quiver;
Onward still flames the cloud
 Where the hulks shiver.
See, yon fort's star is set,
 Storm and fire past.
Cheer him, lads—Farragut,
 Lashed to the mast!

Oh! while Atlantic's breast
 Bears a white sail,
While the Gulf's towering crest
 Tops a green vale,
 en thy bold deeds shall tell,
 Old Heart of Oak,
Daring Dave Farragut,
 Thunderbolt stroke!

WILLIAM TUCKEY MEREDITH.

CYRUS WEST FIELD.

Born at Stockbridge, Mass., Nov. 30, 1819; died at New York, July 12, 1892. Laid the first submarine cable between Ireland and Newfoundland.

HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE

(On the completion of the Atlantic cable, July 29, 1866.)

Come, listen all unto my song;
It is no silly fable;
'Tis all about the mighty cord
They call the Atlantic Cable.

Bold Cyrus Field he said, says he,
"I have a pretty notion
That I can run a telegraph
Across the Atlantic Ocean."

Then all the people laughed and said
They'd like to see him do it;
He might get half-seas over, but
He never could go through it.

To carry out his foolish plan
He never would be able;
He might as well go hang himself
With his Atlantic Cable.

But Cyrus was a valiant man,
A fellow of decision;
And heeded not their mocking words,
Their laughter and derision.

Twice did his bravest efforts fail,
And yet his mind was stable;
He wa'n't the man to break his heart
Because he broke his cable.

"Once more, my gallant boys!" he cried;
"*Three times!*—you know the fable,—
(I'll make it *thirty*," muttered he,
"But I will lay the cable!")

Once more they tried,—hurrah! hurrah!
What means this great commotion?
The Lord be praised! the cable's laid
Across the Atlantic Ocean!

Loud ring the bells,—for, flashing through
Six hundred leagues of water,
Old Mother England's benison
Salutes her eldest daughter!

O'er all the land the tidings speed,
And soon, in every nation,
They'll hear about the cable with
Profoundest admiration!

Now, long live President and Queen;
And long live gallant Cyrus;
And may his courage, faith, and zeal
With emulation fire us;

And may we honor evermore
The manly, bold, and stable;
And tell our sons, to make them brave,
How Cyrus laid the cable!

JOHN G. SAXE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Born at Boston, Mass., Jan. 17, 1706; died at Philadelphia, Pa., April 17, 1790. A celebrated American statesman, philosopher, and author.

ON THE DEATH OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Thus, some tall tree that long hath stood
The glory of its native wood,
By storms destroyed, or length of years,
Demands the tribute of our tears.

The pile, that took long time to raise,
To dust returns by slow decays;
But, when its destined years are o'er,
We must regret the loss the more.

So long accustomed to your aid,
The world laments your exit made;
So long befriended by your art,
Philosopher, 'tis hard to part!—

When monarchs tumble to the ground
Successors easily are found;
But, matchless Franklin! what a few
Can hope to rival such as you,
Who seized from kings their sceptred pride,
And turned the lightning's darts aside!

PHILIP FRENEAU.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

Born at Orange, Ohio, Nov. 19, 1831; died at Elberon, N. J., Sept. 19, 1881. Twentieth President of the United States; shot at Washington by Charles Guiteau, July 2, 1881.

AT THE PRESIDENT'S GRAVE

All summer long the people knelt
And listened at the sick man's door:
Each pang which that pale sufferer felt
Throbbled through the land from shore to shore;

And as the all-dreaded hour drew nigh,
What breathless watching, night and day!
What tears, what prayers! Great God on high,—
Have we forgotten how to pray!

O broken-hearted, widowed one,
Forgive us if we press too near!
Dead is our husband, father, son,—
For we are all one household here.

And not alone here by the sea,
And not in his own land alone,
Are tears of anguish shed with thee—
In this one loss the world is one.

EPITAPH.

A man not perfect, but of heart
So high, of such heroic rage,
That even his hopes became a part
Of earth's eternal heritage.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Born at Newburyport, Mass., Dec. 10, 1805; died at New York, May 24, 1879. A noted American abolitionist.

GARRISON

Freedom's first champion in our fettered land!
Nor politician nor base citizen
Could gibbet thee, nor silence, nor withstand.
Thy trenchant and emancipating pen
The patriot Lincoln snatched with steady hand,
Writing his name and thine on parchment white,
'Midst war's resistless and ensanguined flood;
Then held that proclamation high in sight
Before his fratricidal countrymen,—
"Freedom henceforth throughout the land for all,"—
And sealed the instrument with his own blood,
Bowing his mighty strength for slavery's fall;
Whilst thou, stanch friend of largest liberty,
Survived,—its ruin and our peace to see.

AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT.

Born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27, 1822; died at Mt. McGregor, N. Y., July 23, 1885. The greatest Union general of the Civil War and the eighteenth President of the United States.

THE DEAD COMRADE

At the burial of Grant, a bugler stood forth and sounded
"taps."

I.

Come, soldiers, arouse ye!
Another has gone;
Let us bury our comrade,
His battles are done.
His sun it is set;
He was true, he was brave,
He feared not the grave,
There is naught to regret.

II.

Bring music and banners
And wreaths for his bier—
No fault of the fighter
That Death conquered here.
Bring him home ne'er to rove,
Bring him home to his rest,
And over his breast
Fold the flag of his love.

III.

Great Captain of battles,
We leave him with thee!
What was wrong, oh forgive it;
His spirit make free.

Sound taps, and away!
Out lights, and to bed!
Farewell, soldier dead!
Farewell—for a day.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

GRANT AT REST

Not like the tombs where sleep Egyptian kings,
Raised up by bondmen driven from afar,
Is thy last home; a song of glory rings
Above the cannon of forgotten war.

Gone are the steeds of strife and battle now;
Furled are the flags that billowed over them;
Folded the hands and quiescent the brow
That faced their call and knew their requiem.

O River, flowing onward by the shore,
Keep green the grass that rises from the sod
Where men that are shall falter nevermore,
And slaves that were uplift free hands to God!

JAMES J. MEEHAN.

CAN'T

How history repeats itself,
 You'll say when you remember Grant,
Who, in his boyhood days, once sought
 Throughout the lexicon for "can't."

He could not find the word that day,
 The earnest boy whose name was Grant;
He never found it through long years,
 With all their power to disenchant.

No hostile host could give him pause;
 Rivers and mountains could not daunt;
He never found that hindering word—
 The steadfast man whose name was Grant.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

VANQUISHED

I.

Not by the ball or brand
Sped by a mortal hand,
Not by the lightning-stroke
When fiery tempests broke,—
Not mid the ranks of war
Fell the great Conqueror.

II.

Unmoved, undismayed,
In the crash and carnage of the cannonade,—
Eye that dimmed not, hand that failed not,
Brain that swerved not, heart that quailed not,
Steel nerve, iron form,—
The dauntless spirit that o'erruled the storm.

III.

While the Hero peaceful slept
A foeman to his chamber crept,
Lightly to the slumberer came,
Touched his brow and breathed his name:
O'er the stricken form there passed
Suddenly an icy blast.

IV.

The Hero woke: rose undismayed:
Saluted Death—and sheathed his blade.

V.

The Conqueror of a hundred fields
To a mightier Conqueror yields;
No mortal foeman's blow
Laid the great Soldier low;
Victor in his latest breath—
Vanquished but by Death.

FRANCIS FISHER BROWNE.

NATHAN HALE.

Born at Coventry, Conn., June 6, 1755; executed at New York, Sept. 22, 1776. A celebrated American patriot hanged as a spy by the British during the Revolution.

NATHAN HALE

To drum-beat and heart-beat
 A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
 There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
 In a moment he must die.

By the starlight and moonlight
 He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag
 And the armèd sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
 His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
 He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns,
 By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
 Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
 It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
 Like the glimmer of a lance—
A dark wave, a plumed wave
 On an emerald expanse

A sharp clang, a still clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow and steady brow
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
But on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of H A L E shall burn!

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

NATHAN HALE*

One hero dies,—a thousand new ones rise,
As flowers are sown where perfect blossoms fall,—
Then quite unknown,—the name of Hale now cries
Wherever duty sounds her silent call;

With head erect he moves, and stately pace,
To meet an awful doom,—no ribald jest
Brings scorn or hate to that exalted face,
His thoughts are far away, poised and at rest;

Now on the scaffold see him turn and bid
Farewell to home and all his heart holds dear,
Majestic presence,—all man's weakness hid,
And all his strength in that one hour made clear,—
“I have one last regret,—that is to give
But one poor life, that my own land may live!”

WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.

* Copyright, 1901, by Harper & Brothers.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Born at North Bend, Ohio, Aug. 20, 1833; died at Indianapolis, March 13, 1901. Twenty-third President of the United States.

BENJAMIN HARRISON*

Full on his forehead fell the expiring light
Of old wreathed altars where his fathers died,
While at his back the dull, devouring night
Poured its advancing tide.

He would the ancient light relume, would fain
The dear old faith keep still without a blot,
The flag he fought for scatheless of a stain,
The shield without a spot.

He sided with the weak and ceaseless strove
With failing hands against the tyrannous strong;
Here was no place for him where unarmed Love
Is strangled by old Wrong.

Here was no place for him where Force and Greed
Upon the sacred fillets lay their hands
Red from the spoil of stricken souls that bleed
And wrecks of ruined lands.

He has won peace at last—the peace that knows
In dreamless tides no hint of hate or tears,
And falls where once his dauntless voice arose
The silence of the years.

* Used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company, from "Such Stuff as Dreams," copyright, 1901.

And men walk by and gaze, and wondering ask,
Now that the white, clear-visioned soul is fled,
Where is the hand to seize the torch and task
New fallen from the dead ?

Was all in vain ? Is any word of worth,
Though winged with truth and shot home to the mark,
If all the answer is this silent earth
And lost voice in the dark ?

But lost is never living word nor deed.
As toward great waves unseen the ripple flows,
As hour by hour, unguessed, the fervent seed
Up to the sunlight grows,

The true man's word, though sown in fallow soil
And fruitless lying many a day and night,
In its own way, beyond the sower's toil,
Bursts into deathless light.

CHARLES E. RUSSELL.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, N. H., May 19, 1864. The greatest American novelist.

HAWTHORNE

Romancer, far more coy than that coy sex!
Perchance some stroke of magic thee befell,
Ere thy baronial keep the Muse did vex,
Nor grant deliverance from enchanted spell,
But tease thee all the while and sore perplex,
Till thou that wizard tale shouldst fairly tell,
Better than poets in thy own clear prose.
Painter of sin in its deep scarlet dyes,
Thy doomsday pencil Justice doth expose,
Hearing and judging at the dread assize;
New England's guilt blazoning before all eyes,
No other chronicler than thee she chose.
Magician deathless! dost thou vigil keep,
Whilst 'neath our pines thou feignest deathlike sleep?

AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Born at Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29, 1809; died there, Oct. 7, 1894. Poet, essayist, and novelist.

TO O. W. HOLMES

Dear Doctor, whose blandly invincible pen
Has honored so often your great fellow-men
With your genius and virtues, who doubts it is true
That the world owes, in turn, a warm tribute to you?

Wheresoever rare merit has lifted its head
From the cool country calm or the city's hotbed—
You were always the first to applaud it by name,
And to smooth for its feet the harsh pathway to fame

Wheresoever beneath the broad rule of the sun,
By some spirit elect, a grand deed has been done—
Its electrical spell like the lightning's would dart,
Though the globe lay between, to thrill first in *your heart!*

Philanthropist! poet! romancer! combined—
Ay! shrewd scientist too—who shall fathom your mind,
Shall plumb that strange sea to the uttermost deep,
With its vast under-tides, and its rhythmical sweep?

You have toiled in life's noon, till the hot, blasting light
Blinds the eyes that would gauge your soul's stature aright;
But when eve comes at last, 'twill be clear to mankind,
By the length of bright shadow your soul leaves behind!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Asleep at last! For fourscore years
 He toiled among his fellow-men,
And reaped in Thought's imperial fields
 A golden harvest of the pen.

Asleep at last! yet strangely near!
 On many a magic page we find,
In deathless sheaves of prose or verse,
 The garnered fruitage of his mind.

Asleep at last! His happy muse
 Awoke all measures, brave and bright,
And seemed to love's enamoured eyes
 Vibrating with the morning light.

Asleep at last! In nobler strains,
 Possessed of more than rhythmic art,
We felt the master's finger touch
 The secret harp-string of the heart.

Asleep at last! and yet awake!
 For he has reached the far-off goal,
And passed the stormy reefs of Death,
 To shining waters of the Soul.

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE.

ANDREW JACKSON.

Born probably at the Waxham settlement, N. C., March 15, 1767; died at the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn., June 8, 1845. Seventh President of the United States. Commanded the American forces at the battle of New Orleans. (See Appendix.) "The Battle of New Orleans," by Thomas Dunn English, was necessarily omitted because of its length.

JACKSON AT NEW ORLEANS *

Hear through the morning drums and trumpets sounding,
Rumbling of cannon, tramp of mighty armies;
Then the mist sunders, all the plain disclosing
Scarlet for England.

Batteries roll on, halt, and flashing lightnings
Search out our earthworks, silent and portentous.
Fierce on our right with crimson banners tossing
Their lines spring forward.

Lanyards in hand, Americans and seamen,
Gunners from warships, Lafitte's privateersmen,
Roar out our thunders till the grape and shrapnel
Shriek through their columns.

Shattered in fragments, thus their right is riven;
But on our left a deadlier bolt is speeding:
Wellesley's Peninsulars, never yet defeated,
Charge in their valor.

* By special permission of the author, from "Ballads of Valor and Victory," published by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

Closing their files, our cannon fire disdaining,
Dauntless they come with vict'ry on their standards;
Then slowly rise the rifles of our marksmen,
Tennessee hunters.

Cradles of flame and scythes of whistling bullets
Lay them in windrows, war's infernal harvest.
High through the onslaught Tennessee is shouting,
Joying in battle.

Pakenham falls there, Keane and his Highlanders
Close from the centre, hopeless in their courage;
Backward they stagger, dying and disabled,
Gloriously routed.

Stilled are our rifles as our cheers grow louder:
War clouds sweep back in January breezes,
Showing the dreadful proof of the great triumph
God hath vouchsafed us.

That gallant war-host, England's best and bravest,
Met by raw levies, scores against its hundreds,
Lies at our feet, a thing for woman's weeping,
Reddening the meadows.

Freed are our States from European tyrants:
Lift then your voices for the little army
Led by our battle-loving Andrew Jackson,
Blest of Jehovah.

WALLACE RICE.

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON.

“STONEWALL.”

Born at Clarksburg, W. Va., Jan. 21, 1824; died at Chancellorsville, Va., May 10, 1863. A noted Confederate general, one of the most daring, picturesque, and well-beloved on either side. He was shot by his own men at the battle of Chancellorsville on the evening of May 2, 1863, as he was returning from a reconnaissance beyond the lines, and died a week later.

“THE BRIGADE MUST NOT KNOW, SIR!”

“Who’ve ye got there?”—“Only a dying brother,
Hurt in the front just now.”

“Good boy! he’ll do. Somebody tell his mother
Where he was killed, and how.”

“Whom have you there?”—“A crippled courier, Major,
Shot by mistake, we hear.
He was with Stonewall.” “Cruel work they’ve made here;
Quick with him to the rear!”

“Well, who comes next?”—“Doctor, speak low, speak low,
sir;
Don’t let the men find out!
It’s Stonewall!”—“God!”—“The brigade must not know
sir,
While there’s a foe about!”

Whom have we here—shrouded in martial manner,
Crowned with a martyr’s charm?
A grand dead hero, in a living banner,
Born of his heart and arm:

The heart whereon his cause hung—see how clingeth
That banner to his bier!
The arm wherewith his cause struck—hark! how ringeth
His trumpet in their rear!

What have we left? His glorious inspiration,
His prayers in council met.
Living, he laid the first stones of a nation;
And dead, he builds it yet.

UNKNOWN.

STONEWALL JACKSON

Not midst the lightning of the stormy fight,
Nor in the rush upon the vandal foe,
Did kingly Death, with his resistless might,
Lay the great leader low.

His warrior soul its earthly shackles broke
In the full sunshine of a peaceful town;
When all the storm was hushed, the trusty oak
That propped our cause went down.

Though his alone the blood that flecks the ground,
Recalling all his grand, heroic deeds,
Freedom herself is writhing in the wound,
And all the country bleeds.

He entered not the nation's Promised Land
At the red belching of the cannon's mouth,
But broke the House of Bondage with his hand—
The Moses of the South!

O gracious God! not gainless is the loss:
A glorious sunbeam gilds thy sternest frown;
And while his country staggers 'neath the Cross,
 He rises with the Crown!

HENRY LYNDEN FLASH.

STONEWALL JACKSON*

The Man who fiercest charged in fight,
Whose sword and prayer were long—
 Stonewall!

Even him who stoutly stood for Wrong,
How can we praise? Yet coming days
 Shall not forget him with this song.
Dead is the Man whose Cause is dead,
Vainly he died and set his seal—
 Stonewall!

Earnest in error, as we feel;
True to the thing he deemed was due,
True as John Brown or steel.

Relentlessly he routed us;
But we relent, for he is low —
 Stonewall!
Justly his fame we outlaw; so
We drop a tear on the bold Virginian's bier,
Because no wreath we owe.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

* Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No growling if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the Brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the queer slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well;
Says he, "That's Banks—he's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul! we'll give him—" well!
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Massa's goin' to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God:
"Lay bare Thine arm; stretch forth Thy rod!
Amen!" That's "Stonewall's way."

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade!

What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
“Quick step! we’re with him before morn!”
That’s “Stonewall Jackson’s way.”

The sun’s bright lances rout the mists
Of morning, and, by George!
Here’s Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Dutchmen, whipped before;
“Bay’nets and grape!” hear Stonewall roar;
“Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby’s score!”
In “Stonewall Jackson’s way.”

Ah! Maiden, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall’s band!
Ah! Widow, read, with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah! Wife, sew on, pray on, hope on;
Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
The foe had better ne’er been born
That gets in “Stonewall’s way.”

ATTRIBUTED TO J. W. PALMER.

PHILIP KEARNY.

Born at New York City, June 2, 1815; killed at Chantilly, Va., Sept. 1, 1862. A Union general in the Civil War. While reconnoitring near Chantilly he approached by mistake a detachment of the enemy, who called to him to surrender. Instead, he wheeled his horse and endeavored to escape, falling under the volley sent after him. See also Boker's "Dirge for a Soldier," page 22.

KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey,—

That story of Kearny who knew not to yield!

'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.

Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak
and pine,

Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest,—
No charge like Phil Kearny's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our
ground,

He rode down the length of the withering column,
And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with a bound;

He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder,—

His sword waved us on and we answered the sign;
Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the
louder.

"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole
line!"

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade
brighten

In the one hand still left,—and the reins in his teeth!
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,

But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.

Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,

Asking where to go in,—through the clearing or pine?

"Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel:

You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

Oh, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,

That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!

Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,

The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!

Yet we dream that he still,—in that shadowy region

Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's
sign,—

Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,

And the word still is "Forward!" along the whole line.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

Born in Westmoreland County, Va., Jan. 19, 1807; died at Lexington, Va., Oct. 12, 1870. The Confederacy's greatest general.

“GONE FORWARD”

(General Robert E. Lee's last words were: “Let the tent be struck!”)

Yes, “Let the tent be struck”: Victorious morning
Through every crevice flashes in a day
Magnificent beyond all earth's adorning:
The night is over; wherefore should he stay?
And wherefore should our voices choke to say,
“The General has gone forward!”

Life's foughten field not once beheld surrender,
But with superb endurance, present, past,
Our pure Commander, lofty, simple, tender,
Through good, through ill, held his high purpose fast,
Wearing his armor spotless,—till at last
Death gave the final “Forward!”

All hearts grew sudden palsied: yet what said he,
Thus summoned?—“Let the tent be struck!”—For
when
Did call of duty fail to find him ready
Nobly to do his work in sight of men,
For God's and for his country's sake—and then
To watch, wait, or go forward?

We will not weep,—we dare not!—Such a story
As his large life writes on the century's years
Should crown our bosoms with a flush of glory,
That manhood's type, supremest that appears
To-day, he shows the ages. Nay, no tears
Because he has gone forward!

Gone forward?—Whither?—Where the marshalled legions,
Christ's well-worn soldiers, from their conflicts cease,—
Where Faith's true Red-Cross Knights repose in regions
Thick studded with the calm, white tents of peace,—
Thither, right joyful to accept release,
The General has gone forward!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(See "Lincoln's Birthday," page 193.)

Born in Hardin County, Ky., Feb. 12, 1809; died at Washington, D. C., April 15, 1865. Sixteenth President of the United States. The Civil War President. Shot by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's Theatre, Washington, on the evening of April 14, 1865, and died the following day.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Born at Portland, Me., Feb. 27, 1807; died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882. Generally held to be America's greatest poet.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

“Not to be tuneless in old age!”

Ah! surely blest his pilgrimage

Who, in his Winter's snow,

Still sings with note as sweet and clear

As in the morning of the year

When the first violets blow!

Blest!—but more blest, whom Summer's heat,

Whom Spring's impulsive stir and beat,

Have taught no feverish lure;

Whose Muse, benignant and serene,

Still keeps his Autumn chaplet green

Because his verse is pure!

Lie calm, O white and laureate head!

Lie calm, O Dead, thou art not dead,

Since from the voiceless grave

Thy voice shall speak to old and young

While song yet speaks an English tongue

By Charles' or Thamis' wave!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

LONGFELLOW

The New World's sweetest singer! Time may lay
Rude touch on some, thy betters; yet for thee,
Thy seat is where the throned immortals be,
The chaste affections answering to thy sway.

As fair, as fresh as children of the May,
Thy verse springs up from wood and sun-bathed lea,
Yet oft the rhythmic cadence of the sea
Rolls 'neath thy song and speeds its shining way.

Thy borrowed robes, even, thou wear'st with grace;
Such grace our English buckram seldom yields;
Through thee the grave Italian takes his place
Among us; but across Acadian fields
Who is it moves with rapt and pensive face?
Evangeline, his heart thy love reveals!

CRAVEN L. BETTS.

LONGFELLOW *

The winds have talked with him confidingly;
The trees have whispered to him; and the night
Hath held him gently as a mother might,
And taught him all sad tones of melody;
The mountains have bowed to him; and the sea,
In clamorous waves, and murmurs exquisite,
Hath told him all her sorrow and delight,—
Her legends fair,—her darkest mystery.
His verse blooms like a flower, night and day;
Bees cluster round his rhymes; and twitterings
Of lark and swallow, in an endless May,
Are mingling with the tender songs he sings.
Nor shall he cease to sing—in every lay
Of Nature's voice he sings—and will alway.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

*Born at Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 22, 1819; died there
Aug. 12, 1891. Poet, essayist, diplomatist.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

In Memoriam.

From purest wells of English undefiled
None deeper drank than he, the New World's Child
Who, in the language of their farm-fields, spoke
The wit and wisdom of New England folk,
Shaming a monstrous wrong; the world-wide laugh
Provoked thereby might well have shaken half
The walls of slavery down ere yet the ball
And mine of battle overthrew them all.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

FROM "JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL"

This singer whom we long have held so dear,
Was Nature's darling, shapely, strong, and fair;
Of keenest wit, of judgment crystal-clear,
Easy of converse, courteous, debonair.

Fit for the lowliest or the loftiest lot,
Self-poised, imperial, yet of simplest ways;
At home alike in castle or in cot,
True to his aim, let others blame or praise.

Freedom he found an heirloom from his sires;
Song, letters, statecraft, shared his years in turn;
All went to feed the nation's altar-fires
Whose mourning children wreathe his funeral urn.

He loved New England,—people, language, soil,
Unweaned by exile from her arid breast.
Farewell awhile, white-handed son of toil,
Go with her brown-armed laborers to thy rest.

Peace to thy slumber in the forest shade!
Poet and patriot, every gift was thine;
Thy name shall live while summers bloom and fade,
And grateful memory guard thy leafy shrine!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

(See "Carnation Day," page 131.)

Born at Niles, Ohio, Jan. 29, 1844; died at Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1901. Twenty-fourth President of the United States. Shot at Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1901, by Leon F. Czolgosz, and died a week later.

FRANCIS MARION.

Born at Winyaw, S. C., in 1732; died near Eutaw, S. C., Feb. 27, 1795. An American Revolutionary general, especially distinguished as a partisan leader in South Carolina.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.

Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
We share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlit plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away,
Back to the pathless forest
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE SWAMP FOX

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress-tree.

The turfy hammock is our bed,
Our home is in the red deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men.

We fly by day and shun its light,
But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount and start with early night,
And through the forest track our foe.
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
The flashing sabre blinds his eyes,
And ere he drives away his sleep,
And rushes from his camp, he dies.

Free bridle-bit, good gallant steed,
That will not ask a kind caress
To swim the Santee at our need,
When on his heels the foemen press,—
The true heart and the ready hand,
The spirit stubborn to be free,
The twisted bore, the smiting brand,—
And we are Marion's men, you see.

* * * * *

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
We leave the swamp and cypress-tree,
Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
And ready for the strife are we.
The Tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers within his den;
He hears our shouts, he dreads the fight,
He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Born at Boston, Mass., Nov. 29, 1811; died there, Feb. 2, 1884. A noted American orator and abolitionist.

FROM "WENDELL PHILLIPS"

What shall we mourn ? For the prostrate tree that sheltered
the young green wood ?
For the fallen cliff that fronted the sea, and guarded the
fields from the flood ?
For the eagle that died in the tempest, afar from its eyrie's
brood ?

Nay, not for these shall we weep; for the silver cord must be
worn,
And the golden fillet shrink back at last, and the dust to its
earth return;
And tears are never for those who die with their face to the
duty done;
But we mourn for the fledglings left on the waste, and the
fields where the wild waves run.

From the midst of the flock he defended, the brave one has
gone to his rest;
And the tears of the poor he befriended their wealth of
affliction attest.

From the midst of the people is stricken a symbol they daily
saw,
Set over against the law books of a Higher than human
Law;

For his life was a ceaseless protest, and his voice was a prophet's cry
To be true to the Truth and faithful, though the world were arrayed for the Lie.

From the hearing of those who hated, a threatening voice has passed;
But the lives of those who believe and die are not blown like a leaf on the blast.
A sower of infinite seed was he, a woodman that hewed toward the light,
Who dared to be traitor to Union when Union was traitor to Right!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

WENDELL PHILLIPS

People's Attorney, servant of the Right!
Pleader for all shades of the solar ray,
Complexions dusky, yellow, red, or white;
Who, in thy country's and thy time's despite,
Hast only questioned, What will Duty say?
And followed swiftly in her narrow way:
Tipped is thy tongue with golden eloquence,
All honeyed accents fall from off thy lips,—
Each eager listener his full measure sips,
Yet runs to waste the sparkling opulence,—
The scorn of bigots, and the worldling's flout.
If Time long held thy merit in suspense,
Hastening, repentant now, with pen devout,
Impartial History dare not leave thee out.

AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT.

POCAHONTAS.

Died at Gravesend, England, in March, 1617. An Indian woman, celebrated in the colonial history of Virginia. Her reputed act in saving the life of Captain John Smith is commonly discredited by historians.

POCAHONTAS

Wearied arm and broken sword
Wage in vain the desperate fight;
Round him press a countless horde,
He is but a single knight.
Hark! a cry of triumph shrill
Through the wilderness resounds,
As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the funeral pyre,
And the torch of death they light;
Ah! 'tis hard to die by fire!
Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng with sudden start
See, there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight:
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring!
I am daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
Lifted axe and thirsty knife,
Fondly to his heart she clings,
And her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhatan,
Still 'tis told by Indian fires
How a daughter of their sires
Saved a captive Englishman.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Born at Boston, Mass., Jan. 19, 1809; died at Baltimore, Md., Oct. 7, 1849. A noted American poet and writer of tales.

TO EDGAR A. POE

When first I looked into thy glorious eyes,
And saw, with their unearthly beauty pained,
Heaven deepening within heaven, like the skies
Of autumn nights without a shadow stained,
I stood as one whom some strange dream enthalls;
For, far away in some lost life divine,
Some land which every glorious dream recalls,
A spirit looked on me with eyes like thine.
Even now, though Death has veiled their starry light,
And closed their lids in his relentless night,—
As some strange dream, remembered in a dream,
Again I see, in sleep, their tender beam;
Unfading hopes their cloudless azure fill,
Heaven deepening within heaven, serene and still.

SARAH H. WHITMAN.

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN.

Born at Albany, N. Y., March 6, 1831; died at Nonquitt, Mass., Aug. 5, 1888. A famous Union cavalry leader in the Civil War. His famous ride was an incident of the battle of Cedar Creek, Va., Oct. 19, 1864. His army, which was encamped on Cedar Creek in the Shenandoah Valley, was surprised at daybreak and defeated by the Confederates under Early. Sheridan, who was at Winchester, twenty miles away, heard the sound of the cannon and galloped to the scene of action. As he passed the retreating soldiers, he shouted, "About face, boys! We're going back!" He re-formed his troops and before the close of the day gained a decisive victory.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Up from the South, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down:
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed.
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire;
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.

With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

SHERIDAN

I.

Quietly, like a child
That sinks in slumber mild,
No pain or troubled thought his well-earned peace to mar,
Sank into endless rest our thunderbolt of war.

II.

Though his the power to smite
Quick as the lightning's light,—
His single arm an army, and his name a host,—
Not his the love of blood, the warrior's cruel boast.

III.

But in the battle's flame
How glorious he came!—
Even like a white-combed wave that breaks and tears the
shore,
While wreck lies strewn behind, and terror flies before.

IV.

'Twas he,—his voice, his might,—
Could stay the panic-flight,
Alone shame back the headlong, many-leagued retreat,
And turn to evening triumph morning's foul defeat.

V.

He was our modern Mars;
Yet firm his faith that wars
Ere long would cease to vex the sad, ensanguined earth,
And peace forever reign, as at Christ's holy birth.

VI.

Blest land, in whose dark hour
Arise to loftier power
No dazzlers of the sword to play the tyrant's part,
But patriot-soldiers, true and pure and high of heart!

VII.

Of such our chief of all;
And he who broke the wall
Of civil strife in twain, no more to build or mend;
And he who hath this day made Death his faithful friend.

VIII.

And now above his tomb
From out the eternal gloom
"Welcome!" his chieftain's voice sounds o'er the cannon's
knell;
And of the three one only stays to say "Farewell!"

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

Born at Lancaster, Ohio, Feb. 8, 1820; died at New York City, Feb. 14, 1891. A Union general during the Civil War, especially celebrated for his "March to the Sea," from Atlanta, Ga., to Savannah, Ga., Nov. 12 to Dec. 21, 1865.

SAINT-GAUDENS' STATUE OF
GENERAL SHERMAN

This is the soldier brave enough to tell
The glory-dazzled world that War is hell:
Lover of peace, he looks beyond the strife,
And rides through hell to save his country's life.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountain
That frowned on the river below,
As we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe;
When a rider came out of the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted: "Boys, up and be ready!
For Sherman will march to the sea."

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men;
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys! forward to battle!
 We marched on our wearisome way,
We stormed the wild hills of Resaca,
 God bless those who fell on that day!
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
 Frowned down on the flag of the free,
And the East and the West bore our standard
 And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed till our banners
 Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
 The soil where the traitor flag falls.
We paused not to weep for the fallen,
 Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel
 As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Oh, proud was our army that morning,
 That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said: "Boys, you are weary,
 But to-day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sang we the song of our chieftain,
 That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter
 When Sherman marched down to the sea.

SAMUEL H. M. BYERS.

SHERMAN

I.

Glory and honor and fame and everlasting laudation
For our captains who loved not war, but fought for the life
of the nation;
Who knew that, in all the land, one slave meant strife, not
peace;
Who fought for freedom, not glory; made war, that war
might cease.

II.

Glory and honor and fame; the beating of muffled drums;
The wailing funeral dirge, as the flag-wrapped coffin comes;
Fame and honor and glory; and joy for a noble soul;
For a full and splendid life, and laurelled rest at the goal.

III.

Glory and honor and fame; the pomp that a soldier prizes;
The league-long waving line as the marching falls and rises;
Rumbling of caissons and guns; the clatter of horses' feet,
And a million awe-struck faces far down the waiting street.

IV.

But better than martial woe, and the pageant of civic sorrow,
Better than praise of to-day, or the statue we build to-
morrow,
Better than honor or glory, and history's iron pen,
Was the thought of duty done and the love of his fellow-men.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER STOWE.

Born at Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1812; died at Hartford, Conn., July 1, 1896. Especially noted as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

She told the story, and the whole world wept
At wrongs and cruelties it had not known
But for this fearless woman's voice alone.
She spoke to consciences that long had slept:
Her message, Freedom's clear reveille, swept
From heedless hovel to complacent throne.
Command and prophecy were in the tone,
And from its sheath the sword of justice leapt.
Around two peoples swelled a fiery wave,
But both came forth transfigured from the flame.
Blest be the hand that dared be strong to save,
And blest be she who in our weakness came—
Prophet and priestess! At one stroke she gave
A race to freedom and herself to fame.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

(See "Washington's Birthday," page 11.)

Born in Westmoreland County, Va., Feb. 22, 1732; died at Mount Vernon, Dec. 14, 1799. America's most famous soldier and statesman, Commander-in-Chief of the American forces during the Revolution, and the first President of the United States.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Born at Salisbury (Franklin), N. H., Jan. 18, 1782; died at Marshfield, Mass., Oct. 24, 1852. A famous American statesman, orator, and lawyer.

FROM "BIRTHDAY OF DANIEL WEBSTER"

When, stricken by the freezing blast,
A nation's living pillars fall,
How rich the storied page, how vast,
A word, a whisper, can recall!

No medal lifts its fretted face,
Nor speaking marble cheats your eye;
Yet, while these pictured lines I trace,
A living image passes by:

A roof beneath the mountain pines;
The cloisters of a hill-girt plain;
The front of life's embattled lines;
A mound beside the heaving main.

These are the scenes: a boy appears;
Set life's round dial in the sun,
Count the swift arc of seventy years,
His frame is dust; his task is done.

Yet pause upon the noontide hour,
Ere the declining sun has laid
His bleaching rays on manhood's power.
And look upon the mighty shade.

No gloom that stately shape can hide,
No change uncrown his brow: behold!
Dark, calm, large-fronted, lightning-eyed,
Earth has no double from its mould!

Ere from the fields by valor won
The battle-smoke had rolled away,
And bared the blood-red setting sun,
His eyes were opened on the day.

His land was but a shelving strip,
Black with the strife that made it free;
He lived to see its banners dip
Their fringes in the Western sea.

The boundless prairies learned his name,
His words the mountain echoes knew;
The Northern breezes swept his fame
From icy lake to warm bayou.

In toil he lived; in peace he died;
When life's full cycle was complete,
Put off his robes of power and pride,
And laid them at his Master's feet.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WEBSTER

Night of the Tomb! He has entered thy portal;
Silence of Death! He is wrapped in thy shade;
All of the gifted and great that was mortal,
In the earth where the ocean-mist weepeth is laid.

Lips, whence thy voice that held Senates proceeded,
Form, lending argument aspect august,
Brow, like the arch that a nation's weight needed,
Eyes, wells unfathomed of thought—all are dust.

Night of the Tomb! Through thy darkness is shining
A light, since the Star in the East never dim;
No joy's exultation, no sorrow's repining
Could hide it in life or life's ending from him.

Silence of Death! There were voices from heaven
That pierced the quick ear of Faith through the gloom;
The rod and the staff that he asked for were given,
And he followed the Saviour's own track to the tomb.

Beyond it, above, in an atmosphere finer,
Lo, infinite ranges of being to fill!
In that land of the spirit, that region diviner,
He liveth, he loveth, he laboreth still.

EPES SARGENT.

ICHABOD*

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Reville him not, the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

* "Ichabod" was called forth by Webster's support of the "Compromise, and the Fugitive Slave Law, which seemed to Whittier iniquitous. But, as the poet himself wrote, "death softens all resentments," and years after, in "The Lost Occasion," he gave expression to his final estimate of Webster—an estimate at once less severe and more just. But "Ichabod" remains one of the few great poems of denunciation in the language.

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains;
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled;
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

JOSEPH WHEELER.

Born at Augusta, Ga., Sept. 10, 1836; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 25, 1906. A famous Confederate cavalry general, known as "Fighting Joe." At the outbreak of the war with Spain, he volunteered, and on May 4, 1898, was appointed major-general of volunteers in the United States Army, and served through the war with great distinction.

JOINED THE BLUES

Says Stonewall Jackson to "Little Phil": "Phil, have you heard the news?

Why, our Joe Wheeler—"Fighting Joe"—has gone and joined the blues.

"Aye, no mistake—I saw him come—I heard the oath he took—

And you'll find it duly entered up in yon great Record Book.

"Yes, Phil, it is a change since then (we give the Lord due thanks),

When Joe came swooping like a hawk upon your Sherman's flanks!

"Why, Phil, you knew the trick yourself—but Joe had all the points—

And we've yet to hear his horses died of stiff or rusty joints!

"But what of that?—the deed I saw to-day in yonder town Leads all we did and all Joe did in troopings up and down;

"For, Phil, that oath shall be the heal of many a bleeding wound,

And many a Southland song shall yet to that same oath be tuned!

“The oath Joe swore has done the work of thrice a score of years—
Ay, more than oath—he swore away mistrust and hate and tears!”

“Yes, yes,” says Phil, “he was, indeed, a right good worthy foe,
And well he knew, in those fierce days, to give us blow for blow.

“When Joe came round to pay a call—the commissaries said—
Full many a swearing, grumbling Yank went supperless to bed:

“He seemed to have a pesky knack—so Sherman used to say—
Of calling, when he should by rights be ninety miles away!

“Come, Stonewall, put your hand in mine,—Joe’s sworn old Samuel’s oath—
We’re never North or South again—he kissed the Book for both!”

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

WALT WHITMAN.

*Born at West Hills, Long Island, N. Y., May 31, 1819;
died at Camden, N. J., March 26, 1892. America's most
virile and original poet.*

WALT WHITMAN

Darkness and death? Nay, Pioneer, for thee
The day of deeper vision has begun;
There is no darkness for the central sun
Nor any death for immortality.
At last the song of all fair songs that be,
At last the guerdon of a race well run,
The upswelling joy to know the victory won,
The river's rapture when it finds the sea.
Ah, thou art wrought in an heroic mould,
The modern man upon whose brow yet stays
A gleam of glory from the age of gold,—
A diadem which all the gods have kissed.
Hail and farewell! flower of the antique days,—
Democracy's divine protagonist.

FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS.

WALT WHITMAN

He was in love with Truth and knew her near—
Her comrade, not her suppliant on the knee:
She gave him wild, melodious words to be
Made music that should haunt the atmosphere.
She drew him to her bosom, day-long dear,
And pointed to the stars and to the sea,
And taught him miracles and mystery,
And made him master of the rounded year.

Yet one gift did she keep. He looked in vain,
Brow-shaded, through the darkness of the mist,
Marking a beauty like a wandering breath
That beckoned, yet denied his soul a tryst:
He sang a passion, yet he saw not plain
Till kind earth held him and he spake with death.

HARRISON SMITH MORRIS.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Born at Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 17, 1807; died at Hampton Falls, N. H., Sept. 7, 1892. A distinguished American poet.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Great master of the poet's art!
Surely the sources of thy powers
Lie in that true and tender heart
Whose every utterance touches ours.

Thy lays have cheered the humble home
Where men who prayed for freedom knelt;
And women, in their anguish dumb,
Have heard thee utter what they felt.

And thou hast battled for the right
With many a brave and trenchant word,
And shown us how a pen may fight
A mightier battle than the sword.

And therefore men in coming years
Shall chant thy praises loud and long;
And women name thee through their tears
A poet greater than his song.

But not thy strains, with courage rife,
Nor holiest hymns, shall rank above
The rhythmic beauty of thy life,
Itself a canticle of love!

PHCEBE CARY.

WHITTIER

His fourscore years and five
Are gone, like a tale that is told.
The quick tears start, there's an ache at the heart,
For we never thought him old.

Straight as a mountain pine,
With the mountain eagle's eye,
With the hand-clasp strong and the unhushed song,
Was it time for him to die?

Prophet and priest he stood
In the storm of embattled years;
The broken chain was his harp's refrain,
And the peace that is balm for tears.

The hills and the valleys knew
The poet who kept their tryst.
To our common life and our daily strife
He brought the blessing of Christ.

And we never thought him old,
Though his locks were white as snow.
O heart of gold, grown suddenly cold,
It was not time to go!

MARGARET ELIZABETH SANGSTER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

To-day "the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning to the sea,"
For him, their singer pure and good,
Who has passed, silently,
Beyond the sunset and the shift
Of things we still must dare.
Calm in the thought he could "not drift
Beyond God's love and care."

The singer of the fatefullest hour
His country had to pass,
Who saw the future's golden flower
Not dark as in a glass,
But from the strife of earth did raise
His soul where voices cease,
And had the courage still to praise,
Who saw beyond them—peace.

So long as liberty is loved,
And bud and blossom blown,
And simple thought and aim approved,
And honest life is known,
So long shall Whittier lift his face
O'er some of larger view,
And keep 'mid greater names his place,
Because his heart was true.

JOHN CAMERON GRANT.

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

ON THE DEATH OF LOWELL

Dear singer of our fathers' day,
 Who lingerest in the sunset glow,
Our grateful hearts all bid thee stay;
 Bend hitherward and do not go.
Gracious thine age, thy youth was strong,
 For Freedom touched thy tongue with fire:
To sing the right and fight the wrong
 Thine equal hand held bow or lyre.
 O linger, linger long,
 Singer of song.

We beg thee stay; thy comrade star
 Which later rose is earlier set;
What music and what battle-scar
 When side by side the fray ye met!
Thy trumpet and his drum and fife
 Gave saucy challenge to the foe
In Liberty's heroic strife;
 We mourn for him, thou must not go!
 Yet linger, linger long!
 Singer of song!

We cannot yield thee; only thou
 Art left to us, and one beside
Whose silvered wisdom still can show
 How smiles and tears together bide.
And we would bring our boys to thee,
 And bid them hold in memory crowned
That they our saintliest bard did see,
 The Galahad of our table round.
 Then linger, linger long,
 Singer of song.

The night is dark; three radiant beams
Are gone that crossed the zenith sky;
For one the water-fowl, meseems,
For two the Elmwood herons cry.
Ye twain that early rose and still
Skirt low the level west along,
Sink when ye must, to rise and fill
The morrow's east with light and song.
But linger, linger long,
Singers of song.

WILLIAM HAYES WARD.

FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD

Born near Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1839; died at New York City, Feb. 18, 1898. An American temperance reformer and author.

EULOGY

FRANCES E. WILLARD

Awake and mourn; let all the nations shed
Tears of deep sorrow o'er the saintly dead.
A star has fallen whose pure Christian light
Shed o'er the earth a halo of delight.
With spirit pure and meek and undefiled,
She wrought among us like a gentle child;
Beloved by all, unselfish to the end,
She sought to make humanity her friend.
By deeds of kindness and good-will and prayer
She fought the giant evils everywhere.
For in her spirit all the graces shone
To bless mankind and spread from zone to zone.

No priest or bishop ever stood more high
In spirit graces that can never die.
No purer queenlier woman walked this clod
And followed out the mind and will of God.
With purpose right, with counsel wise and good,
She stands the highest type of womanhood.
She is not dead, but ever liveth now
To wear a crown immortal on her brow.
She taught this precept everywhere she trod:
"How beautiful it is to be with God!"

LEONARD G. FOSTER.

THE CHANGING YEAR

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE CHANGING YEAR

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE CHANGING YEAR

Summer, autumn, winter, spring—
Back and forth the seasons swing;
Sun and snows returning ever,
Like the wild geese on the wing.

When the clean sap climbs the tree,
When the strong winds groan and flee—
Dance the daisies on the hill-tops
To the thin tune of the bee.

When the golden noons hang still,
Crimson flames run down the hill,
 And the musk-rats in the bayou
Feel the waters growing chill.

Wood-smoke mists the naked moor,
Dead leaves shroud the forest floor;
 When the white frosts cross the threshold,
Summer softly shuts the door.

Like cold love and empty pain,
Fades the sun and drifts the rain,
 Tips the world and slips the season,
Swinging wide the doors again.

LLOYD ROBERTS

THE SEASONS

When comes Spring?
When blithest the robins sing,
And the violet has her hour?
Not till the heart's in flower
Is it Spring.

When comes June?
At the time of the thrush's tune,
Of all beauties below and above?
When reddens the rose of love,
Then comes June.

Autumn's when?
When grasses rasp in the fen
And the face of the field is wan?
When joys are faded, gone,
Autumn's then.

Winter hoar,
Comes he with the storm-wind's roar
And all lorn Nature's ruth?
'Tis Winter when love and youth
Are no more.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

THE MONTHS

January brings the snow,
Makes your feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers
Apricots and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

OLD RHYME.

THE RAINY DAY

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,—
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE RAINBOW

My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began,

So is it now I am a man,

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die!

The Child is father of the Man;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WHAT THE WINDS BRING

Which is the wind that brings the cold?

The north-wind, Freddy, and all the snow;

And the sheep will scamper into the fold

When the north begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?

The south-wind, Katy; and corn will grow,

And peaches redden for you to eat,

When the south begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?

The east-wind, Arty; and farmers know

That cows come shivering up the lane

When the east begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?

The west-wind, Bessy; and soft and low

The birdies sing in the summer hours

When the west begins to blow.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

A SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS

When Spring comes laughing
By vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking
And daffodil—
Sing stars of morning,
Sing morning skies,
Sing blue of speedwell,—
And my Love's eyes.

When comes the Summer,
Full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip
The orchard long,—
Sing hid, sweet honey
That no bee sips ;
Sing red, red roses,—
And my Love's lips.

When Autumn scatters
The leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury
The broad-wheeled wain,—
Sing flutes of harvest
Where men rejoice ;
Sing rounds of reapers,—
And my Love's voice.

But when comes Winter,
With hail and storm,
And red fire roaring
And ingle warm,—
Sing first sad going
Of friends that part ;
Then sing glad meeting,—
And my Love's heart.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

SPRING

SPRING

SO forth issued the seasons of the year;
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers
That freshly budded, and new blooms did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers.

EDMUND SPENSER.

SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES"

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING.

SPRING

Now fades the last long streak of snow;
Now bourgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.
Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;
Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood, that live their lives
From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SPRING.

The Time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind and rain and icy chill,
And dons a rich embroidery
Of sunlight poured on lake and hill.
No beast or bird in earth or sky,
Whose voice doth not with gladness thrill,
For Time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind and rain and icy chill.
River and fountain, brook and rill,
Bespangled o'er with livery gay
Of silver droplets, wind their way.
All in their new apparel vie,
For Time hath laid his mantle by.

CHARLES OF ORLÉANS.

ROBIN'S COME

From the elm-tree's topmost bough,
Hark! the robin's early song!
Telling one and all that now
Merry spring-time hastes along;
Welcome tidings dost thou bring,
Little harbinger of spring;
Robin's come!

Of the winter we are weary,
Weary of the frost and snow,
Longing for the sunshine cheery,
And the brooklet's gurgling flow;
Gladly, then, we hear thee sing
The reveille of spring,
Robin's come!

Ring it out o'er hill and plain,
Through the garden's lonely bowers,
Till the green leaves dance again,
Till the air is sweet with flowers!
Wake the cowslips by the rill,
Wake the yellow daffodil!
Robin's come!

Then, as thou wert wont of yore,
Build thy nest and rear thy young
Close beside our cottage door,
In the woodbine leaves among;
Hurt or harm thou need'st not fear,
Nothing rude shall venture near.
Robin's come!

WILLIAM W. CALDWELL.

IN SPRINGTIDE

This is the hour, the day,
The time, the season sweet.
Quick! listen, laggard feet,
Brook not delay:
Love flies, youth pauses, Maytide will not last;
Forth, forth while yet 'tis time, before the Spring is past.

The Summer's glories shine
From all her garden ground,
With lilies pranked around,
And roses fine;
But the pink blooms or white upon the bursting trees,
Primrose and violet sweet, what charm has June like these?

This is the time of song.
From many a joyous throat,
Mute all the dull year long,
Soars love's clear note:
Summer is dumb, and faint with dust and heat;
This is the mirthful time when every sound is sweet.

Fair day of larger light,
Life's own appointed hour,
Young souls bud forth in white—
The world's a-flower.
Thrill, youthful heart; soar upward, limpid voice:
Blossoming time is come—rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!

LEWIS MORRIS.

APRIL FANTASIE

The fresh, bright bloom of the daffodils
 Makes gold in the garden bed,
Gold that is like the sunbeams
 Loitering overhead.
 Bloom, bloom
In the sun and the wind,—
April hath a fickle mind.

The budding twigs of the sweetbrier
 Stir as with hope and bliss
Under the sun's soft glances,
 Under the wind's sly kiss.
 Swing, swing
In the sun and the wind,—
April hath a fickle mind.

May, she calls to her little ones,
 Her flowers hiding away,
“Never put off till to-morrow
 What you may do to-day,
 Come, come
Through the sun and the wind,—
April hath a fickle mind.”

ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON CORTISSOZ.

THE COMING OF SPRING

There's something in the air
That's new and sweet and rare—
A scent of summer things,
A ~~whir~~ as if of wings.

There's something, too, that's new
In the color of the blue
That's in the morning sky,
Before the sun is high.

And though on plain and hill
'Tis winter, winter still,
There's something seems to say
That winter's had its day.

And all this changing tint,
This whispering stir and hint
Of bud and bloom and wing,
Is the coming of the spring.

And to-morrow or to-day
The brooks will break away
From their icy, frozen sleep,
And run, and laugh, and leap.

And the next thing, in the woods,
The catkins in their hoods
Of fur and silk will stand,
A sturdy little band.

And the tassels soft and fine
Of the hazel will entwine,
And the elder branches show
Their buds against the snow.

So, silently but swift,
Above the wintry drift,
The long days gain and gain,
Until on hill and plain,—

Once more, and yet once more,
Returning as before,
We see the bloom of birth
Make young again the earth.

NORA PERRY.

A SPRING SONG

Old Mother Earth woke up from her sleep,
And found she was cold and bare;
The winter was over, the spring was near,
And she had not a dress to wear.
“Alas!” she sighed, with great dismay,
“Oh, where shall I get my clothes?
There’s not a place to buy a suit,
And a dressmaker no one knows.”

“I’ll make you a dress,” said the springing grass,
Just looking above the ground,
“A dress of green of the loveliest sheen,
To cover you all around.”
“And we,” said the dandelions gay,
“Will dot it with yellow bright.”
“I’ll make it a fringe,” said forget-me-not,
“Of blue, very soft and light.”

“We’ll embroider the front,” said the violets,
“With a lovely purple hue.”
“And we,” said the roses, “will make you a crown
Of red, jewelled over with dew.”
“And we’ll be your gems,” said a voice from the shade,
Where the ladies’ ear-drops live—
“Orange is the color for any queen,
And the best we have to give.”

Old Mother Earth was thankful and glad,
As she put on her dress so gay;
And that is the reason, my little ones,
She is looking so lovely to-day.

UNKNOWN.

THE FIRST SWALLOW

The gorse is yellow on the heath,
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,
The oaks are budding, and, beneath,
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
The silver wreath, of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,
The swallow, too, has come at last;
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hailed her as she passed.

Come, summer visitant, attach
To my reed roof your nest of clay,
And let my ear your music catch,
Low twittering underneath the thatch
At the gray dawn of day.

CHARLES SMITH.

A SONG OF WAKING

The maple buds are red, are red,
The robin's call is sweet;
The blue sky floats above thy head,
The violets kiss thy feet.
The sun paints emeralds on the spray,
And sapphires on the lake;
A million wings unfold to-day,
A million flowers awake.

Their starry cups the cowslips lift
 To catch the golden light,
And like a spirit fresh from shrift
 The cherry tree is white.
The innocent looks up with eyes
 That know no deeper shade
Than falls from wings of butterflies
 Too fair to make afraid.

With long green raiment blown and wet,
 The willows hand in hand
Lean low to teach the rivulet
 What trees may understand
Of murmurous tune and idle dance,
 With broken rhymes whose flow
A poet's ear can catch, perchance,
 A score of miles below.

Across the sky to fairy realm
 There sails a cloud-born ship;
A wind sprite standeth at the helm,
 With laughter on his lip;
The melting masts are tipped with gold,
 The 'broidered pennons stream;
The vessel beareth in her hold
 The lading of a dream.

It is the hour to rend thy chains,
 The blossom time of souls;
Yield all the rest to cares and pains,
 To-day delight controls.
Gird on thy glory and thy pride,
 For growth is of the sun;
Expand thy wings whate'er betide,
 The Summer is begun.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

SPRING

Now the lusty Spring is seen;
 Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
 Daintily invite the view.
Everywhere, on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
 And enticing men to pull;
Lilies whiter than the snow;
 Woodbines of sweet honey full—
All love's emblems, and all cry:
"Ladies, if not plucked, we die!"

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

SPRING

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
 Spring, the sweet Spring!

THOMAS NASH.

THE VOICE OF SPRING

I come, I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains, with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky;
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

FELICIA HEMANS.

SPRING SONG

✓
A blue-bell springs upon the ledge,
A lark sits singing in the hedge;
Sweet perfumes scent the balmy air,
And life is brimming everywhere.
What lark and breeze and bluebird sing,
Is Spring, Spring, Spring!

No more the air is sharp and cold;
The planter wends across the wold,
And, glad, beneath the shining sky
We wander forth, my love and I,
And ever in our hearts doth ring
 This song of Spring, Spring!

For life is life and love is love,
'Twixt maid and man or dove and dove.
Life may be short, life may be long,
But love will come, and to its song
Shall this refrain for ever cling
 Of Spring, Spring, Spring!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

WHEN DAFFODILS BEGIN TO PEER

When daffodils begin to peer,
 With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
 With, heigh! the sweet birds, oh, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
 With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SONG IN MARCH

Now are the winds about us in their glee,
Tossing the slender tree;
Whirling the sands about his furious car,
March cometh from afar;
Breaks the sealed magic of old Winter's dreams,
And rends his glassy streams;
Chafing with potent airs, he fiercely takes
Their fetters from the lakes,
And, with a power by queenly Spring supplied,
Wakens the slumbering tide.

With a wild love he seeks young Summer's charms
And clasps her to his arms;
Lifting his shield between, he drives away
Old Winter from his prey;—
The ancient tyrant whom he boldly braves,
Goes howling to his caves;
And, to his northern realm compelled to fly,
Yields up the victory;
Melted are all his bands, o'erthrown his towers,
And March comes bringing flowers.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

MARCH

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands, again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
In joy that they again are free,
And, brightly leaping down the hills,
Renew their journey to the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

MARCH

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plough-boy is whooping, anon, anon!
There's joy on the mountains,
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing,
The rain is over and gone!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

APRIL WEATHER

Oh, hush, my heart, and take thine ease,
For here is April weather!
The daffodils beneath the trees
Are all a-row together.
The thrush is back with his old note;
The scarlet tulip blowing;
And white,—ay, white as my love's throat—
The dogwood boughs are growing.

The lilac bush is sweet again;
Down every wind that passes
Fly flakes from hedgerow and from lane;
The bees are in the grasses.

And Grief goes out, and Joy comes in,
And Care is but a feather;
And every lad his love can win:
For here is April weather.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning,
unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush: he sings each song twice over,
Lest you think he never could recapture
The first fine, careless rapture!
And, though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

ROBERT BROWNING

THE SKYLARK'S SONG*

(From "Master Skylark!")

Hey, laddie, hark to the merry, merry lark!
How high he singeth clear:

"Oh a morn in spring is the sweetest thing
That cometh in all the year!

Oh, a morn in spring is the sweetest thing
That cometh in all the year!"

Ring, ting! it is the merry springtime;
How full of heart a body feels!
Sing hey, trolly-lolly! oh, to live is to be jolly,
When springtime cometh with the summer
at her heels!

God bless us all, my jolly gentlemen,
We'll merry be to-day;
For the cuckoo sings till the greenwood rings,
And it is the month of May!
For the cuckoo sings till the greenwood rings,
And it is the month of May!

Ring, ting! it is the merry springtime;
How full of heart a body feels!
Sing hey, trolly-lolly! oh, to live is to be jolly,
When springtime cometh with the summer
at her heels!

JOHN BENNETT.

NOTE.—*Selections suitable for May will be found also under May Day.*

HYMN TO THE CREATION.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heaven, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim ;
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the news from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

SUMMER

SUMMER

THEN came jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock, colored green,
That was unlined, all to be more light,
And on his head a garland well besene.

EDMUND SPENSER.

MIDSUMMER

Around this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise.

Oh, softly on yon banks of haze,
Her rosy face the Summer lays!

Becalmed along the azure sky
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.
Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet,—
Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,
The ancient oaks austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.
I watch the mowers, as they go

Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row.
With even strokes their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring.
Behind the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.
The cattle graze, while, warm and still,
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, where summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and humblebee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rail;
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats its throbbing drum.
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house.
The oriole flashes by; and, look!
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.
Oh, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read:
A dear Companion here abides;
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;
The holy silence is His Voice:
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

VICTORY

Once more to the charge, and repeat
The fearless, undoubting endeavor,
The grasp of the hands and the spring of the feet
Unwearied forever.

The wind of the east and the north
Has smitten and stabbed with a knife;
The edict of death has gone forth,
And the issue is life.

Out of March through the mire and clay,
Over April's brown slope and wet dune,
It shall laugh from the summit of May,
Name its victory "June."

ARTHUR COLTON.

JUNE

(From "The Vision of Sir Launfal.")

For a cap and bells our life we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
 To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
 And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
 That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,

That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER

Summer is fading; the broad leaves that grew
So freshly green, when June was young, are falling;
And, all the whisper-haunted forest through,
The restless birds in saddened tones are calling,
From rustling hazel copse and tangled dell,
“Farewell, sweet Summer,
Fragrant, fruity Summer,
Sweet, farewell!”

Upon the windy hills, in many a field,
The honey-bees hum slow, above the clover,
Gleaning the latest sweets its blooms may yield,
And, knowing that their harvest-time is over,
Sing, half a lullaby and half a knell,
“Farewell, sweet Summer,
Honey-laden Summer,
Sweet, farewell!”

The little brook that babbles mid the ferns,
O'er twisted roots and sandy shallows playing,
Seems fain to linger in its eddied turns,
And with a plaintive, purling voice is saying
(Sadder and sweeter than my song can tell),
“Farewell, sweet Summer,
Warm and dreamy Summer,
Sweet, farewell!”

The fitful breeze sweeps down the winding lane
With gold and crimson leaves before it flying;
Its gusty laughter has no sound of pain,
But in the lulls it sinks to gentle sighing,
And mourns the Summer's early broken spell,—
“Farewell, sweet Summer,
Rosy, blooming Summer,
Sweet, farewell!”

So bird and bee and brook and breeze make moan,
With melancholy song their loss complaining.
I too must join them, as I walk alone
Among the sights and sounds of Summer's waning. . .
I too have loved the season passing well. . . .
So, farewell, Summer,
Fair but faded Summer,
Sweet, farewell!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

ROBIN REDBREAST

Good-by, good-by to Summer,
For Summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But Robin's here in coat of brown,
And ruddy breast-knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The scanty pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
'Twill soon be Winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheat-stack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house;
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas! in Winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
O ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

THOMAS MOORE.

AUTUMN

AUTUMN

THEN came the Autumn all in yellow clad,
As though he joyèd in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, fullg lad,
That he had banished hunger.

EDMUND SPENSER.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN*

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the
shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' tur-
key-cock,
And the cluckin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the
hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
Oh, it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful
rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed
the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the
shock.

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"Neighborly Poems," copyright, 1897.

They's somepin kind o' hearty-like about the atmosphere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here.—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the
trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of
the bees;
But the air's so appetizin', and the landscape through the
haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock,—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the
shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tassels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the
morn;
The stubble in the furries—kind o' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they grewed to fill;
The straw-stack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed,
The hosses in their stalls below, the clover overhead,—
Oh, it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the
shock!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

AUTUMN.

The world puts on its robes of glory now;
The very flowers are tinged with deeper dyes;
The waves are bluer, and the angels pitch
Their shining tents along the sunset skies.

ALBERT LAIGHTON.

A SONG OF EARLY AUTUMN

When late in summer the streams run yellow,
 Burst the bridges and spread into bays;
When berries are black and peaches are mellow,
 And hills are hidden by rainy haze;

When the goldenrod is golden still,
 But the heart of the sunflower is darker and sadder;
When the corn is in stacks on the slope of the hill,
 And slides o'er the path the striped adder.

When butterflies flutter from clover to thicket,
 Or wave their wings on the drooping leaf;
When the breeze comes shrill with the call of the cricket,
 Grasshoppers' rasp, and rustle of sheaf.

When high in the field the fern-leaves wrinkle,
 And brown is the grass where the mowers have mown;
When low in the meadow the cow-bells tinkle,
 And small brooks crinkle o'er stock and stone.

When heavy and hollow the robin's whistle,
 And shadows are deep in the heat of the noon;
When the air is white with the down o' the thistle,
 And the sky is red with the harvest moon;

Oh, then be chary, young Robert and Mary,
 No time let slip, not a moment wait!
 If the fiddle would play it must stop its tuning,
 And they who would wed must be done with their
 moonning;

Let the churn rattle, see well to the cattle,
 And pile the wood by the barn-yard gate!

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

HARVEST SONG

Sickles sound;
On the ground
Fast the ripe ears fall;
Every maiden's bonnet
Has blue blossoms on it:
Joy is over all.

Sickles ring,
Maidens sing
To the sickle's sound;
Till the moon is beaming,
And the stubble gleaming;
Harvest songs go round.

All are springing,
All are singing,
Every lisping thing.
Man and master meet,
From one dish they eat;
Each is now a king.

Hans and Michael
Whet the sickle,
Then stoop again to mow;
Soon each laughing maiden
With yellow sheaves is laden,
And home they go, yo ho!

HEINRICH HÖLTY.

AUTUMN FASHIONS

The Maple owned that she was tired of always wearing green.

She knew that she had grown, of late, too shabby to be seen!

The Oak and Beech and Chestnut then deplored their shabbiness,

And all, except the Hemlock sad, were wild to change their dress.

“For fashion-plate we’ll take the flowers,” the rustling Maple said,

“And like the Tulip I’ll be clothed in splendid gold and red!”

“The cheerful Sunflower suits me best,” the lightsome Beech replied;

“The Marigold my choice shall be,”—the Chestnut spoke with pride.

The sturdy Oak took time to think—“I hate such glaring hues;

The Gillyflower, so dark and rich, I for my model choose.”

So every tree in all the grove, except the Hemlock sad,
According to its wish ere long in brilliant dress was clad.

And here they stand through all the soft and bright October days;

They wished to look like flowers—indeed, they look like huge bouquets!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown
and sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie
dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs
the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy
day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprang and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November
rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer
glow;

But on the hills the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook, in autumn beauty
stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the
plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland,
glade, and glen.

And now when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days
will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance
late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

INDIAN SUMMER

From gold to gray
Our mild, sweet day
Of Indian summer fades too soon;
But tenderly
Above the sea
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moor..

In its pale fire
The village spire
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;
The painted walls
Whereon it falls
Transfigured stand in marble trance.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

INDIAN SUMMER

No more the battle or the chase
The phantom tribes pursue,
But each in his accustomed place
The Autumn haï's anew:

And still from solemn councils set
On every hill and plain,
The smoke of many a calumet
Ascends to heaven again.

JOHN B. TABB.

SWEET SEPTEMBER

O sweet September! thy first breezes bring
The dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter,
The cool, fresh air, whence health and vigor spring,
And promise of exceeding joy hereafter.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

SEPTEMBER

Sweet is the voice that calls
From babbling waterfalls
In meadows where the downy seeds are flying;
And soft the breezes blow,
And eddying come and go
In faded gardens where the rose is dying.

Among the stubbled corn
The blithe quail pipes at morn,
The merry partridge drums in hidden places,
And glittering insects gleam
Above the reedy stream,
Where busy spiders spin their filmy laces.

At eve, cool shadows fall
Across the garden wall,
And on the clustered grapes to purple turning;
And pearly vapors lie
Along the eastern sky,
Where the broad harvest-moon is redly burning.

Ah, soon on field and hill
The wind shall whistle shrill
And patriarch swallows call their flocks together
To fly from frost and snow,
And seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weather.

The cricket chirps all day,
"O fairest summer, stay!"
The squirrel eyes askance the chestnuts browning;
The wild-fowl fly afar
Above the foaming bar,
And hasten southward ere the skies are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze
Through the dark cedar trees,
And round about my temples fondly lingers,
In gentle playfulness,
Like to the soft caress
Bestowed in happier days by loving fingers.

Yet, though a sense of grief
Comes with the falling leaf,
And memory makes the summer doubly pleasant,
In all my autumn dreams
A future summer gleams,
Passing the fairest glories of the present!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

OCTOBER

Like tired lids the leaves drop down,
Earth drowsy grows, and on her breast,
Beneath a blanket red and brown,
The weary year lies down to rest.

EDITH BROWNELL.

GOING A-NUTTING

No clouds are in the morning sky,
The vapors hug the stream,—
Who says that life and love can die
In all this northern gleam?
At every turn the maples burn,
The quail is whistling free,
The partridge whirs, and the frosted burs
Are dropping for you and me.
Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!
Hilly ho!
In the clear October morning.

Along our path the woods are bold,
And glow with ripe desire;
The yellow chestnut showers its gold,
The sumacs spread their fire;
The breezes feel as crisp as steel,
The buckwheat tops are red:
Then down the lane, love, scurry again,
And over the stubble tread!
Ho! hilly ho! heigh O!
Hilly ho!
In the clear October morning.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

MAPLE LEAVES

October turned my maple's leaves to gold;
The most are gone now; here and there one lingers:
Soon these will slip from out the twigs' weak hold,
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

NOVEMBER

When thistle-blows do lightly float
About the pasture-height,
And shrills the hawk a parting note,
And creeps the frost at night,
Then hilly ho! though singing so,
And whistle as I may,
There comes again the old heart pain
Through all the livelong day.

In high wind creaks the leafless tree
And nods the fading fern;
The knolls are dun as snow-clouds be,
And cold the sun does burn.
Then ho, hollo! though calling so,
I cannot keep it down;
The tears arise unto my eyes,
And thoughts are chill and brown.

For in the cedars' dusky stoles,
Where the sere ground-vine weaves,
The partridge drums funereal rolls
Above the fallen leaves.
And hip, hip, ho! though cheering so,
It stills no whit the pain;
For drip, drip, drip, from bare branch-tip,
I hear the year's last rain.

So drive the cold cows from the hill,
And call the wet sheep in,
And let their stamping clatter fill
The barn with warming din.
And ho, folk, ho! though it is so
That we no more may roam,
We still will find a cheerful mind
Around the fire at home!

C. L. CLEAVELAND.

NOVEMBER *

The wild November comes at last
Beneath a veil of rain;
The night wind blows its folds aside,
Her face is full of pain.

The latest of her race, she takes
The Autumn's vacant throne:
She has but one short moon to live,
And she must live alone.

A barren realm of withered fields,
Bleak woods of fallen leaves,
The palest morns that ever dawned,
The dreariest of eves:

It is no wonder that she comes,
Poor month, with tears of pain:
But what can one so hopeless do
But weep, and weep again?

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

* From "Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard," copyright, 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

WINTER

WINTER

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the Shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo!
Tu-whit! tu-whoo! A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in' the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo!
Tu-whit! tu-whoo! A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A GLEE FOR WINTER

Hence, rude Winter! crabbed old fellow,
Never merry, never mellow!
Well-a-day! in rain and snow
What will keep one's heart aglow?
Groups of kinsmen, old and young,
Oldest they old friends among;
Groups of friends, so old and true
That they seem our kinsmen too;
These all merry all together
Charm away chill Winter weather.

What will kill this dull old fellow?
Ale that's bright and wine that's mellow!
Dear old songs forever new;
Some true love, and laughter too;
Pleasant wit, and harmless fun,
And a dance when day is done.
Music, friends so true and tried,
Whisper'd love by warm fireside,
Mirth at all times all together,
Make sweet May of Winter weather.

ALFRED DOMETT.

SONG

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
Who loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SONG

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE FROST KING

Oho! have you seen the Frost-King,
A-marching up the hill?
His hoary face is stern and pale,
His touch is icy chill.
He sends the birdlings to the South,
He bids the brooks be still;
Yet not in wrath or cruelty
He marches up the hill.

He will often rest at noontime,
To see the sunbeams play;
And flash his spears of icicles,
Or let them melt away.
He'll toss the snow-flakes in the air,
Nor let them go nor stay;
Then hold his breath while swift they fall,
That coasting boys may play.

He'll touch the brooks and rivers wide,
That skating crowds may shout;
He'll make the people far and near
Remember he's about.
He'll send his nimble, frosty Jack—
Without a shade of doubt—
To do all kinds of merry pranks,
And call the children out;

He'll sit upon the whitened fields,
And reach his icy hand
O'er houses where the sudden cold
Folks cannot understand.

The very moon, that ventures forth
From clouds so soft and grand,
Will stare to see the stiffened look
That settles o'er the land.

And so the Frost-King o'er the hills,
And o'er the startled plain,
Will come and go from year to year
Till Earth grows young again—
Till Time himself shall cease to be,
Till gone are hill and plain:
Whenever Winter comes to stay,
The hoary King shall reign.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

JACK FROST

The Frost looked forth on a still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now, I shall be out of sight;
So, through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That make such a bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they!"

So he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest.
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear
Which he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept:
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
 By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things!—there were flowers and trees,
There were bevvies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities and temples and towers; and these
 All pictured in silvery sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair—
He peeped in the cupboard: and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare:

 “Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
“This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three!
And the glass of water they’ve left for me,
 Shall ‘tchick’ to tell them I’m drinking.”

HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
 With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
 Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
 Was edged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
 Came Chanticleer’s muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan’s-down,
 And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little head-stone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WINTER

Old Winter is a sturdy one,
And lasting stuff he's made of;
His flesh is firm as ironstone;
There's nothing he's afraid of.

He spreads his coat upon the heath,
Nor yet to warm he lingers;
He scouts the thought of aching teeth,
Or chilblains on his fingers.

Of flowers that bloom or birds that sing
Full little cares or knows he;
He hates the fire and hates the spring,
And all that's warm and cozy.

But when the foxes bark aloud
On frozen lake and river;
When round the fire the people crowd,
And rub their hands and shiver;

When frost is splitting stone and wall,
And trees come crashing after,—
That hates he not: he loves it all;
Then bursts he out in laughter.

His home is by the north pole's strand,
Where earth and sea are frozen;
His summer-house, we understand,
In Switzerland he's chosen.

Now from the North he's hither hied
To show his strength and power;
And when he comes we stand aside,
And look at him and cower.

FROM THE GERMAN.

OLD WINTER

Old Winter sad, in snow yclad,
Is making a doleful din ;
But let him howl, till he crack his jowl,
We will not let him in.

Aye, let him lift from the billowy drift
His hoary haggard form,
And scowling stand, with his wrinkled hand
Outstretching to the storm.

And let his weird and sleety beard
Stream loose upon the blast,
And, rustling, chime to the tinkling rime
From his bald head falling fast.

Let his baleful breath shed blight and death
On herb and flower and tree ;
And brooks and ponds in crystal bonds
Bind fast, but what care we ?

Let him push at the door,—in the chimney roar,
And rattle the window pane ;
Let him in at us spy with his icicle eye,
But he shall not entrance gain.

Let him know, forsooth, with his freezing tooth,
On our roof-tiles, till he tire ;
But we care not a whit, as we jovial sit
Before our blazing fire.

THOMAS NOEL.

FEBRUARY

February, tall and trim,
Straight of form and strong of limb;
Keen gray eyes and honest face;
Lines where cares have left their trace;
Homespun mantle; hooded head;
Kerchief over bosom spread;
Strong, stout shoes and shortened gown;
What cares she though Winter frown,
And the storms of sleet come down?

ANNA NEIL GILMORE.

IN FEBRUARY

The birds have been singing to-day,
And saying: "The spring is near!
The sun is as warm as in May,
And the deep blue heavens are clear."

The little bird on the boughs
Of the sombre, snow-laden pine
Thinks: "Where shall I build me my house,
And how shall I make it fine?"

"For the season of snow is past;
The mild south wind is on high;
And the scent of the spring is cast
From his wing as he hurries by."

The little birds twitter and cheep
To their loves on the leafless larch;
But seven foot deep the snow-wreaths sleep,
And the year hath not worn to March.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

POEMS EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

POEMS EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting seal

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The Vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

INVICTUS *

Out of the night that covers me,
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
 Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
 I am the captain of my soul.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

* From "Poems," by W. E. Henley, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

PROSPICE

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

ROBERT BROWNING.

L'ENVOI

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are
twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic
has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an
æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work
anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a
golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of
comet's hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene,
Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired
at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master
shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work
for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his sep-
arate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things
as They Are!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

FROM "THANATOPSIS"

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, whence each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A FAREWELL

TO C. E. G.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe in skies so dull and gray;
Yet, if you will, one quiet hint I'll leave you,
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever;
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make Life, and Death, and that For Ever,
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

NOTE

THESE are not by any means the only poems in this volume which every child should know, which should "flash upon the inward eye" and be a part of one's inmost consciousness. Nearly every poem given is worth knowing for its own sake, but preëminently these, which would certainly have been included in this place did they not fall properly under other headings:

- "TO A WATER-FOWL," *William Cullen Bryant*.
"O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!" *Walt Whitman*.
SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES," *Robert Browning*.
"TO A SKYLARK," *Percy Bysshe Shelley*.
"DAFFODILS," *William Wordsworth*.
"COLUMBUS," *Joaquin Miller*.
"RING OUT, WILD BELLS," *Alfred Tennyson*.
"HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE," *William Collins*.
"SOLDIER, REST," *Sir Walter Scott*.
"AMERICA," *Samuel Francis Smith*.
"THE LARK," *James Hogg*.
"A TRUE LENT," *Robert Herrick*.
"THE AMERICAN FLAG," *James Rodman Drake*.
"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER," *Francis Scott Key*.
"SHERIDAN'S RIDE," *Thomas Buchanan Read*.
"JUNE," *James Russell Lowell*.
"HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD," *Robert Browning*.
"MIDSUMMER," *John T. Trowbridge*.
SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS.
"HYMN TO THE CREATION," *Joseph Addison*.
"THE REPUBLIC," *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*.
"ODE TO THE CUCKOO," *Michael Bruce*.
"TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY," *Robert Burns*.

APPENDIX

"THE DAYS WE CELEBRATE"

January 1

NEW YEAR'S DAY. A legal holiday in all states except Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, and New Hampshire, and generally observed in all the states.

January 1

EMANCIPATION DAY. On January 1, 1863, President Lincoln issued his proclamation freeing the slaves.

January 8

ANNIVERSARY of the battle of New Orleans, where the Americans under General Jackson decisively defeated the British, in the last battle of the War of 1812, fought three weeks after the treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent. The British loss was 2,036; the American loss 21. Holiday in Louisiana.

January 19

LEE'S BIRTHDAY. General Robert E. Lee, commander-in-chief of the Confederate armies and one of America's greatest generals, was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 19, 1807. Holiday in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia.

February 12

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY. Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States, was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. Holiday in Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, Washington, and Wyoming, and generally observed in other Northern States.

February 14

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY. Generally observed throughout the country, especially by young people, though not a legal holiday anywhere. The origin of St. Valentine's Day is uncertain. It was celebrated as early as the fourteenth century, and probably much earlier, in very nearly the same way that it is to-day.

February 22

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY. George Washington, the first President of the United States, the "First American," was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22, 1732. A legal holiday in all states except Mississippi, where it is observed only by exercises in the public schools.

March 2

TEXAS INDEPENDENCE DAY. The Declaration of Independence of Texas was signed at Washington on the Brazos, March 2, 1836. It declared Texas a republic, free forever from the dominion of Mexico. It is also the anniversary of the birth of Sam Houston (March 2, 1793), the first President of the Republic of Texas, and her greatest soldier and statesman. Holiday in Texas.

March 4

INAUGURATION DAY. The day upon which the Presidents of the United States take the oath of office. Observed only in the District of Columbia.

March 17

ST. PATRICK'S DAY. Not a holiday anywhere in the United States, but celebrated by Irishmen everywhere. Why March 17 is celebrated as St. Patrick's Day is uncertain. It is sometimes said to be the anniversary of both his birth and death, but it is not really known to be either.

April 1

ALL FOOLS' DAY. Not a holiday, but observed almost universally throughout Christendom as a day when one may play more or less amiable tricks upon one's neighbor. Of its origin nothing positive is known.

April 6

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY IN LOUISIANA. There is no general Confederate Memorial Day.

April 9

EASTER is a movable feast in the church calendar, but April 9 has been accepted as the date of the resurrection.

April 15

ARBOR DAY IN UTAH. Arbor Day is observed in almost all the states of the Union, but in most of them is a movable festival appointed either by the governor or legislature. It usually falls in April or May.

April 19

PATRIOTS' DAY. Anniversary of the battle of Lexington (April 19, 1775), the first battle of the Revolution, at which the minute-men of Massachusetts drove a British column, which had started for Lexington to seize arms and ammunition, back to Boston with heavy loss. Holiday in Massachusetts.

April 21

SAN JACINTO DAY. Anniversary of the battle of San Jacinto (April 21, 1836), at which the Texan army under Houston totally routed the Mexican army under Santa Anna, and established the independence of Texas. Holiday in Texas.

April 22

ARBOR DAY IN NEBRASKA. J. Sterling Morton and the state of Nebraska were the pioneers in this great tree-planting movement. April 10, 1872, was the first Arbor Day.

April 26

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, and Mississippi.

May 1

MAY DAY. Not a holiday, but still generally observed by school children. The May Day celebration is a direct descendant of the old Roman flower festival, and may even be traced back to the phallic festivals of India and Egypt. The May-pole itself is a phallic emblem—indeed, the word means, primarily, a pole.

May 10

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY in North and South Carolina. The second Friday in May is Confederate Day in Tennessee.

May 12

TAMMANY DAY. The famous Tammany Society of New York City was formally organized May 12, 1789. The anniversary has always been elaborately celebrated by its members.

May 20

ANNIVERSARY of the signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence in 1775. Holiday in North Carolina.

May 30

DECORATION DAY. A holiday set apart in most of the Northern States as a day for decorating the graves of the soldiers who fell in the Civil War. It originated in 1868, when Gen. John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued an order that on May 30 of that year the members of every post, from east to west, should engage in fitting ceremonies and decorate the graves of their comrades. The state legislatures soon took up the idea, until the observance has become practically universal wherever any Union soldiers are buried. In Virginia, Confederate Memorial Day is observed on this date.

June 3

DAVIS'S BIRTHDAY. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, was born in Christian County, Kentucky, June 3, 1808. Holiday in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia. Confederate Memorial Day in Louisiana.

June 14

FLAG DAY. On June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress formally adopted the Stars and Stripes as the flag of the United States. It is observed as a holiday under this name in many of the states, and is especially celebrated by the children in the public schools.

June 17

BUNKER HILL DAY. Anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, at which the Americans, although defeated, proved that they were able to stand against the British regulars. Holiday in Boston.

July 4

INDEPENDENCE DAY. A national holiday in celebration of the anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence by the Continental Congress, July 4, 1776.

July 24

PIONEERS' DAY IN UTAH. A holiday in that state in celebration of the founding of Salt Lake City by the Mormons, July 24, 1847.

August 16

A HOLIDAY in Vermont in celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Bennington, August 16, 1777, at which the Americans under Stark decisively defeated the British.

August 28

ST. AUGUSTINE DAY. In celebration of the anniversary of the arrival of Pedro Menendez at St. Augustine, Florida, August 28, 1565. He founded St. Augustine and established Spanish rule firmly in Florida.

September 1

LABOR DAY. The first Monday in September is observed as Labor Day in most of the states.

September 9

HOLIDAY in California, in celebration of the anniversary of the passage by Congress of the famous compromise bill, admitting California to the Union as a free state, September 9, 1850.

September 12

"OLD DEFENDERS' DAY" in Baltimore, Md. The anniversary of an unsuccessful attack made on the city by the British during the War of 1812.

September 14

CARNATION DAY. Observed generally in the North as the anniversary of the death of President William McKinley, September 14, 1901. The carnation was his favorite flower.

September 22

EMANCIPATION DAY is observed on this date in some localities. It was on September 22, 1862, that President Lincoln issued his preliminary proclamation announcing that the negroes held in slavery in all territory in armed rebellion against the Union would be declared forever free, unless said rebellion should have ceased by January 1, 1863. As the rebellion did not cease, the Emancipation Proclamation was actually issued on the latter date.

October 6

GERMAN DAY IN PENNSYLVANIA. The first German immigrants arrived at Philadelphia October 6, 1683.

October 9

CHICAGO DAY. The anniversary of the great fire of 1871, which devastated the city.

October 31

HALLOWE'EN. A festival observed, especially by children, throughout the country—indeed, throughout Christendom. It is a curious survival of classic mythology, Druidic beliefs, and Christian superstitions. The night of all nights for divinations.

November 1

ALL SAINTS' DAY. Holiday in Louisiana.

November 24

THANKSGIVING DAY. The last Thursday in the month of November is celebrated as a national holiday. Custom prescribes that the date shall be set by a special proclamation issued by the President, and followed by proclamations by the governors of the several states. The holiday is thus given an official character which no other American holiday possesses. Thanksgiving, as a day set apart for prayer and rejoicing, originated with William Bradford, first governor of Massachusetts Colony, who, in 1621, in gratitude for a plenteous harvest following a period of great scarcity, proclaimed a day of thanksgiving to be observed on December 23 of that year (December 13, old style).

November 25

LABOR DAY in Louisiana.

November 25

EVACUATION DAY. A holiday celebrated in New York City in commemoration of the day in 1783 when the British soldiers evacuated it and left America to her new destiny.

December 21

FOREFATHERS' DAY. Observed throughout New England and by New Englanders everywhere as the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. The actual date was December 11, 1620, but the new-style date is observed as Forefathers' Day. Owing to an error in changing the date from the old style to the new, the anniversary was formerly celebrated on December 22, and such is the force of custom that that date is even yet sometimes observed.

December 25

CHRISTMAS DAY. Observed throughout the United States as a national holiday. The date which the Christian Church has agreed to observe as the anniversary of the birth of Christ.

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